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PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Forgive, forget," with fond regret
We say to one another;
The words we speak, and yet we wreak
Our vengeance t'wards a brother.
Vain is our speech, if each to each
The practice shames the preaching;
And towards our kin our hearts are blind,
No friendly hand outreaching.
So easy 'tis to utter this,
So hard to practice, uttered;
The angel kind that moves the mind
His snowy wings has fluttered.
With grieving eyes has sought the skies
While yet our hearts are waiting,
And all our chance of good is lost
While we are hesitating.
Oh, gentle Leech! the what you preach
Yourself must practice kindly,
Nor point the way and lead astray
Your weaker brother blindly.
By loving deeds our human needs
Are filled direct from heaven;
And every heart should share a part
Of this most precious leaven.
Forgive! forget! If the regret
Follow the harsh word spoken,
Nor with a sneer receive the tear
Which tells the spirit broken.
Our God is love, and from above
He shall look down benignly.
To err is humanly to do,
And to forgive, divinely.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;
OR,
THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.—HERER.

When the men had gone Sir Fielding called the gamekeeper into the library.

"Take the mare," he said, "and ride into Warrington. You know Mr. Durant? Well, describe him at the inn on the road, and at the hotel, and ask if they have seen him. If they have, learn which way he has gone, and follow him hard and fast. The mare is a match for the cob at any time, an easy match with the cob half worn out," he murmured.

Then, after a pause, added aloud:

"If you cannot hear of him on the road, ride on to the station and inquire if he went up by last night's express or the early train this morning. There are usually very few passengers, and the station-master cannot fail to have noticed him. If he has, return to me as fast as the mare can bring you."

Barber touched his hair respectfully, and Sir Fielding saw him from the corridor bound down the terrace towards the stable like a sleuth-hound. Scarcely had he gone than Lady Mildred entered the room.

"What is the matter, Fielding?" she said with some astonishment. "Maud tells me some disjointed tale about Maurice Durant not having slept here last night, and having fled no one knows whither, and I saw from one of the upper windows the inspector and two of his men walking down the road. Whatever is it?"

"Nothing—nothing, my dear Mildred," said Sir Fielding hurriedly. "At least, nothing that concerns you or Maud. There has been an accident in the wood, but it has nothing to do with Maurice Durant or his absence."

"But is he really absent?" asked Lady Mildred, divining from Sir Fielding's pale face that something more had happened than he would have her think, and, womanlike, pressing the question.

"Missing! No," said Sir Fielding querulously. "Would you call me missing if I had walked into the village?"

"Oh, if he has only gone into the village, I will go and comfort Maudie," said Lady Mildred. "She is terribly alarmed. It was as much as I could do to keep her from following me down."

"Yes, yes. Go to her, my dear Mildred, and tell her that I wish her to stay in her own or your room for a little while. People are coming to see me about the accident, and I do not wish it to reach her ears—you understand, Mildred?"

"Quite, Fielding," replied her ladyship, and went upstairs again.

Sir Fielding commenced pacing the room with troubled footsteps, vainly striving to cast from him the feeling of dread which settled upon his spirits like a dark cloud.

He knew that Barber must be some hours ere he could return, even supposing that he met with tidings of Maurice Durant, or Maurice Durant himself. Yet he was already burnt up with impatience, and dared not leave the library for fear that Maud might see his pale, anxious face, and wring the story of the discovery from him.

He tried to read, but found that the words of his favorite classic ran together in meaningless lines, and in despair he took to walking up and down again.

Two hours passed, then there came a knock at the library door, and Thomas entered.

"A gentleman is waiting in the hall to see you, sir," he announced.

"A gentleman?" said Sir Fielding. "Does he give his name?"

"No, sir, he will not. Says you don't know him, but begs you will see him on a matter of importance."

"Show him in," said Sir Fielding, the troubled look growing more marked upon his face, and Thomas ushered in a stout, comfortable-looking man, of half-gentlemanly, half-tradesman appearance. He was dressed in a dark suit of Oxford tweed, and particularly well-got-up linen, and had a nicely-tied satin scarf round his neck. His face was not particularly good-looking or decidedly plain, but there was a something about it that lent it a peculiar bird-like expression that puzzled one. After two or three minutes' conversation, one discovered that the something was a pair of dark, steely eyes, sharp as a needle, and glittering like an eagle's. When he entered the sharp eyes flashed round the room, and took in every corner and peculiarity of it at a glance.

Sir Fielding pointed to a seat.

"You asked to see me, I think."

"Sir Fielding Chichester?" said the man cautiously, replying to Sir Fielding's question by another.

"I am Sir Fielding Chichester," he said.

"Thank you, sir. Thought so, but it's always best to make sure. Yes, I did ask to see you. I have just come from Annsleigh Police Station—I may say from London. My name is Crawshaw, Detective Police, Scotland Yard."

Sir Fielding started.

"Already!"

Mr. Crawshaw smiled.

"Telegraph took quarter of an hour in transmission. Reached me in time to catch the down train. Started at once. Always ready to start at a minute's notice, and I was at Annsleigh, and in full possession of what particulars could be got, half an hour ago."

All this with a quiet air of power and self-possession tinged with respect.

Sir Fielding was astounded.

"It is marvelous," he said, "how anyone escapes pursuit with such a system against them."

Mr. Crawshaw shook his head.

"It is, sir, it is. But they are too many for us sometimes. And now, sir, we'll get this affair over as soon as possible. I'm taking up your time."

He might more justly have said that he was losing his; but Sir Fielding understood him, and said:

"In what way do you want my assistance? I presume you do want it by ——"

"Coming here," finished the detective. "Just so. Well, it's just this, Sir Fielding. We from Scotland Yard, when we are on the scent, often find clues from the most unlikely things, so we've always got our eyes and ears open to whatever turns up. Now, while Brandon, the inspector—an excellent man, Sir Fielding—was putting me in possession of the facts of this affair, and we were looking at the body, one of his men, a talkative, gossiping sort of a fellow that'll never make a good officer, began chattering about the ball here last night. The inspector would have stopped him, but at a sign from me let him alone. Well, this man, it seems, had been gossiping with one of your servants—the man who let me in, if I'm not mistaken; his name's Thomas."

Sir Fielding nodded, and sank into a chair with a feeling of uneasiness. What was this legal bloodhound aiming at?

"I thought so," continued Mr. Crawshaw, "from the description. He had been gossiping with him while on duty this morning, and heard that one of your guests, who had been staying at the house for some months past, had disappeared suddenly last night."

Sir Fielding rose from his chair, and was about to speak, but remained silent and sat down again. The detective took keen note of every motion and expression, then continued:

"Now, Sir Fielding, I needn't ask you to excuse a man for doing his duty. Duty's duty, however painful, and to investigate this murder's my duty, and, I may add, a painful one, for I can pretty clearly see —— However, to go on. This man with a little pressing also informed me that your footman had told him that a woman, answering to the description of the deceased, came up to the Hall here last night and asked for the missing guest, Mr. Maurice Durant."

Sir Fielding rose, as white as ashes.

"No, no!" he exclaimed faintly. "It cannot be—there is some mistake. The man was speaking falsely!"

The detective raised his eyebrows.

"A very reasonable remark, Sir Fielding, and a very knowing one, if you'll allow me to use the word. It's a safe line to believe every man false till you've proved him true. Now, we can test my man's assertion in five minutes, if you will have the extreme kindness to touch the bell and send for your footman Thomas."

Sir Fielding, too stunned to move, pointed to the bell, and the detective, with the stealthiness that characterized all his movements, rose and rang it. Thomas appeared to answer it.

"Better shut the door, oh, sir?" hinted the detective.

Sir Fielding nodded, and Mr. Crawshaw rose, as stealthily as before, and closed it.

"Now, shall I ask a few questions, or will you, Sir Fielding?" he said respectfully.

Sir Fielding by a gesture intimated that he might do so, and, supporting his head on his hand, gazed anxiously at the two men.

"Your name is Thomas ——"

"Gibbes, sir," said the footman, suddenly growing uneasy and frightened.

Mr. Crawshaw, seeing this with a glance of his steel eyes, modulated his voice to a soothing softness.

"Been in Sir Fielding's service long?"

"Nearly seven years, sir," replied the man, looking at Sir Fielding appealingly.

"Seven years. And expect a good character, eh?" asked Mr. Crawshaw.

The footman hoped his honor would say a kind word for him, if so be he came to leave. Had always done his best, etc.

"Very good," said Mr. Crawshaw; then with a sudden sharpness: "You opened the door to the person—the female who came last night, or rather this morning, and inquired for Mr. Maurice Durant?"

"I did," said the footman, looking startled. "You did. Well, just tell Sir Fielding and me what occurred, will you? Take your own time, and have the goodness to stick to the simple facts."

The man paled and flushed by turns at the keen, hard tone and still keener gaze of his questioner, and commenced:

"It was nigh upon one o'clock this morning when, going into the hall for some ice, I heard a knocking at the door. At first I thought it was the wind, and, thinking the company would have a wet journey home, I was about to return upstairs when the knocking sounded louder. I put down the ice-pail and opened the door, and saw a woman standing against it, shrinking, as it were, from the rain. She was rather tall and very shabby dressed, and drenched to the skin, and—and ——"

"Speak out," said Mr. Crawshaw decisively. "Sir Fielding is anxious to hear it all."

"Well, I thought by the look of her that she was half drunk, and was a-going to tell her to go round to the basement door, thinking as she was begging, and had mistaken the entrance, when she asked for Mr. Maurice Durant ——"

Sir Fielding started to his feet, but at a gesture from the detective sat down again and hid his face in his trembling hands.

"Go on," said Mr. Crawshaw soothingly.

"Well, as she didn't speak very distinct like ——"

"What do you mean?—how?" broke in the detective sharply.

"Well, foreign-like, and also like one that had a little drop to drink."

The detective nodded.

"I thought I'd misunderstood her, and I asked her, rather sharp like, what she said. 'I want to see Mr. Durant,' she says; and, wondering whether I was doing right, I asked her to step in. She came in, shivering and shaking, and seemed dazzled like at the lights, and stupid; and when I looked over the banisters, going up to tell Mr. Durant, I see that instead of sitting down on the hall chair she'd crept into a corner."

"Go on," said the detective, with a curious downward look in his keen eyes.

"I was nigh upon five minutes finding Mr. Durant, but I come upon him in the gallery, and I told him that a woman—no, I remember I didn't say a woman I said a person ——"

"Ah!" said the detective between his teeth.

"'A person wanted to see him.' He looked astonished like and shrugged his shoulders, as he does when he's surprised. 'I?' he says. I told him she'd asked for him; and then he asked me 'if I was sure?' And when I said I was, he run down the stairs lightly, humming one of the tunes he played on the organ."

"Go on," said the detective.

"Well, sir, I went on to the drawing-room to serve the coffee, and—and I haven't seen Mr. Durant since."

Sir Fielding looked up, and his trembling lips seemed formed to speak; but the detective said hastily, as if to prevent him:

"Do you think you should know the female who called and asked for Mr. Durant last night?"

"I am sure I should," said the man confidently.

"Why?" asked the detective sharply. "You say you only saw her for five minutes, if so long. The night was dark as pitch. How do you feel so certain, eh?"

"Because I had a good look at her face. It wasn't like the faces you see about here, but foreign and dark-like, with black, bloodshot eyes. Besides, the hall lamps were shining full upon it all the time she was standing there."

"Good," said the detective. "Now, do you think you can keep a still tongue in your head about this affair, eh? Not—spread it all over the servants' hall, hem?"

The man looked over to Sir Fielding appealingly, and Mr. Crawshaw, at a gesture from Sir Fielding, abruptly nodded, to signify that he had finished, and Thomas Gibbes withdrew.

Immediately he had gone the detective arose, and, in cold yet still respectful tones, said:

"Sir Fielding, duty is duty. I must see Mr. Maurice Durant's room."

Sir Fielding started.

"Surely," he breathed, "you don't suspect ——"

"I never do suspect anything or anybody. I don't presume to do it, Sir Fielding; but I know when I've got a clue, or think I have."

Sir Fielding walked to the door, and then back again to the calm, immovable bloodhound.

"Is it imperatively necessary that you should see the room?"

The man nodded.

"It is my duty, Sir Fielding—my duty."

"Stay one moment," said Sir Fielding faintly; and he walked to a cabinet, took out a decanter and some glasses, filled two of the latter, and, pointing to one, drank the contents of the other.

The detective stealthily took up the glass, muttered the usual good wishes, and, tossing the spirit down noiselessly, set the glass upon the table again.

"Now," said Sir Fielding, "I—I am ready. I will go with you," and he ascended the stairs, followed closely by the detective.

When he reached the corridor leading, as Sir Fielding informed him, to the suite of apartments occupied by Maurice Durant, the detective at every step scrutinized the rich carpet and every foot of the wall. Stopping before the door of the dressing-room, Sir Fielding was about to open it, but the detective, with a muttered apology, seized his hand, and, kneeling down, carefully examined the handle. Sir Fielding, feeling sick and faint, said not a word, and, apparently satisfied with his examination, the detective opened the door himself and entered. Here his movements were as strange as they were outside. First he dropped upon his knees, and passed his hand over the carpet by the door, carefully examining his hand at each foot. Then he looked at the table-cloth; and next, his sharp eyes resting upon the bureau, he carefully opened the drawers. In the first one the open, empty inlaid cash-box attracted attention, and he took it out and laid it on the table. In the next the revolver caused him to tighten his lips, and he whispered: "Loaded!" with a significant twinkle of his gray eyes. Then he examined the stock minutely, and laid it by the cash-box.

"Now for the next room," he said musingly, and, kneeling down as before, examined the handle.

Sir Fielding, cold as ice, stood watching him. Rising from his knees, the detective cautiously opened the door, but this time did not stop to examine the carpet, for the heap of dress-clothes lying on the floor had caught his eyes, and he sprang silently towards it. They were still wet, hanging heavy and limp in his light grasp. With a gleam in his keen eyes, he carried them to the window, and commenced going over them with a small magnifying glass. Coat, waistcoat, trowsers. Then, placing them on the bed, he stooped and took the shirt, and as he did so turned to Sir Fielding, and pointed to three distinct drops of blood upon the soiled, damp frills! Sir Fielding started with horror, and fell against the door-post. The detective stole to the window, and opened it for a little air; then, taking a small taper from his pocket, lighted it, and by its means melted some sealing-wax, with which he sealed each door and window, putting three large seals upon the outer one. Then he nodded towards the stairs, and Sir Fielding, wondering whether he was asleep and dreaming some hideous dream, walked down, with the bloodhound behind him. The library gained, the old man sank into a chair and bowed his head upon his hands. The detective's voice aroused him. It was cold and sharp:

"Sir Fielding, I must ask you for a warrant for the apprehension of Maurice Durant on suspicion of murder!"

Sir Fielding sprang to his feet.

"No, no!" he gasped. "Evidence insufficient—I—I ——"

"Many a man has been hung on half as much, Sir Fielding," replied the detective coolly. "The footman's story, the wet clothes, and, Sir Fielding, it is mistaken kindness to conceal the fact from you, there was blood upon every door-handle, the stock of the pistol and the cash-box, a drop or two wherever he has laid his hands!"

Sir Fielding uttered a groan, which, before it had died away, was echoed in a voice that sent the life-blood from his heart, and Maud, white as the corpse lying in the station-house, glided from behind the curtains. The detective uttered an exclamation. Sir Fielding started forward. But Maud, with her cold, icy hand, pushed him back. Moistening her dry, livid lips, she said, in a voice that seemed like one from the grave:

"Papa, issue the warrant. I will pledge my life that Maurice Durant is no murderer."

Sir Fielding caught at her arm, but she shook him off, and stood staring at the detective.

"Issue the warrant. I, who love him better than my immortal soul, command you."

Sir Fielding, trembling like a leaf, sat down at the desk, and, acting under the influence of the outstretched hand, wrote out in shaking characters the warrant for the apprehension on the charge of murder, of the man who had saved him from ruin and won his daughter's heart. As the detective took it from his trembling hand and put it in his pocket, the heroic girl staggered and fell into her father's arms.

* * * * * *

The next morning the chase had commenced, the bloodhounds were on the scent.

MISS JULIA WILSON, Vocalist and Actress.

But it was soon lost, and they hesitated and got astray. Large rewards were offered, descriptions of the supposed murderer's person were posted all over the kingdom, every town and village searched, London scoured, but to no purpose. The fugitive had got clear away, and the hounds were at fault.

That he was the murderer only a few had even doubts. There had been some story of a strange foreign-looking man inquiring his way to Grassmere, at the same wayside inn at which the woman had stopped, but no one attached any importance to that. What did that solitary fact weigh against the wet clothes, the blood-stains, the actually proved meeting of Maurice Durant and the deceased? The pockets being turned inside out was no evidence in his favor, the police decided. It was a common ruse, when the deed of blood was actuated by feelings of revenge or passion, to empty the pockets, in the hope of misleading the detectives and throwing them off the scent. Another link in the mysterious chain of circumstances had been found by Mr. Crawshaw, in a search he had instituted in every part of the Hall, had come upon a small picture which was proved to bear a striking likeness to the face of the murdered woman, and Sir Fielding, on being asked about it, distinctly remembered that Maurice Durant had nearly swooned at sight of it the first night he had visited the gallery. No, public opinion declared him the murderer; and once public opinion makes its declaration, it is difficult to change it. Even Sir Fielding and Lady Mildred had their doubts, though they strove hard against them; but Maud—gentle, loving Maud—declared, delirious or conscious, as she lay on her sick-bed, his innocence night and day, and called Heaven to witness it.

For the first week after the terrible scene in the library they had despaired of her life, and Sir Fielding had telegraphed for Chudleigh and Carlotta; but she had fought hard against her agony and delirium, and the doctors declared that, though she would not be out of danger for some time, Chudleigh's return might save her.

They said this to Sir Fielding, but to themselves they spoke of no hope, and entertained none.

CHAPTER XL.

Oh, weary heart, that longeth for the day!
Oh, weary heart, that panteth for the night's still breath!
Where lies the succor? where the solace? Say!
Death! It answers sadly, Death!
Yea, were I lying where the sea-sand lies,
A thousand lengthy fathoms deep,
That voice would make me rise for eternal sleep,
And, like the last trump, bid me rise.

Will my readers graciously deign to seat themselves on the novelist's magic carpet, and let it carry them—whither? To a wide expanse, limitless as far as the eye can see, a world of bright blue sky, spangled with stars and lit up by a glorious moon, whose rays fall upon a boundless carpet of magnificent flowers. Flowers to the right, flowers to the left, flowers as far as the eye can reach; one boundless prairie of heaven's earth-jewels, one splendid meadow, soft as velvet, dazzling as a cluster of precious gems without an owner save the solitary trapper, the fleet-foot Indian, or the wild animals that browse upon its bosom and fly across it with swift foot at the approach of man.

While we gaze, lost in wonder and awe, three specks appear in the gray horizon, and gradually grow nearer. They are horsemen—rough, sturdy sons of the prairie and the mountain, tanned by the sun, hardened by the continual struggle for the necessaries of life, the constant deeds of daring by their incessant warfare with deadly and never-ending foes. Attired in garments composed of rough calico, the hairy skins of the prairie wolf, and the tanned hide of the buffalo—the animal which provides them with both food and clothing—their rough heads covered with caps cut from the hairy coat of the deadly grizzly bear, and their legs cased in moccasins striped from Indians that had fallen beneath their smooth, shining rifles, these Mexican trappers look fiercer than the beasts, and by the tawny sons of the forest are more dreaded. Coming along at a speed which only a Mexican horse could maintain, and only a Mexican—the finest rider in the world—or a trapper, could sit through, steed and rider seem one; yet, as they dash through the bright-hued flowers, they could at a word bring their flying horses to a halt and fling themselves from the saddle. Beyond them, glistening in the rays of the Summer moon, lie the Rocky Mountains, whose summits are always hoary with eternal snow, whose holes and caves are the homes of the brown and the fearful grizzly bear. Making direct from this high range of mountains, the three riders skirted a little to the left, and, suddenly pulling up beside a bright, shallow stream, which meanders through low rocks and round the base of a clump of dark trees, leapt from their horses, and two of them commenced, without a moment's delay, to cut down some dry branches wherewith to make a fire, while the third fastened the bridles of the horses by means of pegs driven into the ground with one heavy blow of his axe.

While one tended the fire, heaping up branch after branch, and piling stones about it in the shape of a round stove or grate, the other two unsaddled the horses and took from the capacious saddle-bags some dried buffalo hams and bread, and proceeded to erect a gipsy tripod over the crackling blaze. From this tripod they suspended a piece of rope, and stuck huge slices of the buffalo meat upon a hook attached. This done, and three flasks filled from the stream, the men threw themselves down beside the fire—their rifles close at hand—and watched their supper cooking. Neither of them had spoken as yet, each going through his allotted share of the work with taciturn earnestness; but, now that they were stretched at full length, one of them, the tallest, looked up, and, addressing the man who had been attending the fire, said:

"Carlos, how came you to miss the old one?"

"Ask it when you see it—I can't tell. I'm not used to running 'em; eh, Bill?"

"Yer aint," replied the third curtly, his keen eyes, lank jaw, and nasal accent proclaiming him a Yankee, though he rode, shot, and hunted with the same daring and excellence as his Mexican companions. "It's lucky Alph pricked the cow, or we'd a-gone supperless to bed, I guess."

"There are more buffaloes this side of the mountains?"

"I calculate not; they air due south now. That's only grizzlies and a brownie now and then up yer."

"Hum!" grunted the Mexican called Alph. "I have seen the Great Hunter drop one on this very spot."

"Ave, ye might, but why?" retorted the Yankee. "Why, cos he'd druv 'em from the south. Yer may star, but I'm speakin' tarnal truth. I've see him hunt a head 'cross the flow'r prairie till they were druv to the mountains, and there pick his bull and drop 'im."

"The Great Hunter can do everything. Dost mind, Alph, when he dropped the grizzly up beyond the hills?"

"Aye, aye," reiterated Alph. "That were nearly my last b'ar."

"Tell," said the Yankee curtly.

"Carlos speaks of the time when I joined the trappers down south for buffalo-hide and beaver. Twere their second trip—and Winter. We had hailed up stream from the east without luck to speak of, and parted in couples to spread out. Carlos and I were lotted off together. We started for the pine forest, while the snow was coming down like lumps of lee.

"At night we crept beneath the drifts, and covered our heads with our cloak, for fear lest the snow should get to our insides and freeze our hearts. Two days of this, and the horses died; we ate 'em, and got on by tramping. Third day Carlos dropped a red doe, which lasted us another night, creepin' in 'twen the warm akin. Next day we got astray, and was for turning off or back—the snow had ceased—when I heard a roar, and next minute a grizzly was coming down on me. There was not time to do more than fire, but I lodged a bullet in his shoulder. It didn't stop him—worried him up, more likely, for he came down like thunder and got me in his arms. Carlos had no more powder; my rifle was beneath me. I said an Ave and gave up quietly, but just as the animal were choking me off I heard a shout, and, looking up, saw a trapper riding a tall beast come dashing up. He was afeard to fire, for the b'ar was twisting round, and he might have dropped me as likely as the grizzly; but when he came close he leapt down, and, swinging his axe round his head, struck the b'ar clean 'cross the nozzle. It dropped me jest like a hot coal, and turned on him; but he, quick as lightning—I never saw it better done—cut with a long bowie and ripped the beast up. Before the claws did more than take the skin off his back it dropped dead as a nail.

"When I come to, he was gone; but Carlos had seen him before—there's no forgetting him—and said it was the Great Hunter."

The Yankee took down one of the slices and commenced eating, the others following his example.

"Seen him since?" he asked, after five minutes' eating and staring at the fire.

Carlos nodded.

"Aye, thrice. Once with a couple of redskins tracking a painter, once scouring across the hills after deer, and another time sitting beside a stream watching for beaver. Always alone, excepting for the dog—dog never away."

"I remember once," said Alph, taking a flask of spirit from his pocket, and, after drinking from it, handing it to his companions, "I remember once, when the Reds were on the war trail, that if one mentioned the Great Hunter's name they uttered a yell. He never misses, never forgets, and shows no mercy to a foe. But a friend—well, it aint a grizzly or a handful of redskins that will stop the Great Hunter if one needs him."

"When did ye hear o' un last?" asked the Yankee.

"Five years back, before the great flood. Since then no man has seen him. The redskins say a grizzly dropped him across yonder. Old Wabe, the gray-haired trapper, says he lives still, and will come to the prairie once more; nay, more, Red Serpent swore by his father's grave that he saw him, this Fall, down by the White River, snaring!"

"Can't believe Injuns," said the Yankee.

"Aye, truth never touches their tongue," replied the Mexican, filling a short wooden pipe with black York River, and lighting it with a brand.

The others followed his example, and soon the fragrant aroma of tobacco joined the smoke of the wood fire. For half an hour they smoked in silence; then, one by one, they curled themselves up in their blankets and rolled over, grasping their deadly rifles, to sleep.

Suddenly, before a couple of hours had elapsed, the American raised his head, and, lifting his rifle, sat up in a listening attitude. The slight noise he made roused his companions, and in a second all three were listening intently, rifles grasped and eyes on the watch.

"Cayote," said the Mexican, meaning the prairie wolf.

The Yankee shook his head, and, listening for a few seconds longer, said suddenly:

"It's a dog."

Instantly the three crept a little distance forward and fell full length, with their rifles pointed in the direction of the noise, ready to strike death at a single shot, if need be. Clearer and clearer came the peculiar blowing of the animal and the regular sound of its four feet upon the flower-ground, and in a few minutes a huge mastiff bounded at them, and gave forth a savage growl. The next minute a horseman flashed into the bright moonlight, and, flying down towards the three trappers, called the dog with one sharp, ringing cry. The dog bounded back, uttering a peculiar noise, and the horseman, evidently understanding it as a warning, pulled up short and half raised his rifle. As they pointed their death-dealing weapons at his clearly-defined form, they could see every feature in the bright moonlight.

"Ho-oh! Don't let 'ee see a feather o' ye, or he's off. It's the Great Hunter!" whispered the Mexican, who had recognized him at a glance.

The horseman thus motionless was splendidly made, with a tall, lithe figure set off to the best advantage in the rough costume, half-trapper, half-Indian, the hair-tufts to his legs and scrafe flying in the wind that also swept the long, black, wild, unkempt hair from his grand face, which was splendidly shaped, though much less tanned than a trapper's usually is, and bore marks of suffering and hardship in the dark lines round the stern mouth and deep-set, flashing eyes. For three minutes he stood motionless; then, spurring his magnificent horse forward, rode towards the object which had excited the dog's suspicion. As he came close on to them the three men sprang to their feet, and, lowering their rifles, stood at his horse's head. The Great Hunter, for that was the only name the trappers and Indians knew him by, raised his broad-brimmed Spanish hat and touched his breast sharply, while he called the dog to his side.

"How many?" he asked in low, deep tones.

"Three," replied Carlos.

"Trapping?" asked the horseman.

"Hi," said the Yankee. "Air you for fur?"

The horseman shook his head and pointed to the fire.

"Have you meat?" he said wearily.

"Aye, aye!" said the three, eagerly, in a breath. "Buffalo steaks. Will ye join?"

The horseman nodded, and rode forward towards the fire, the three men exchanging meaning glances as they followed. Merely throwing the bridle across his horse's mane, the Great Hunter sat down beside the fire, silently looking at the steak which the Mexican, Alph, placed on the hook. When it was done he ate about half of it and gave the rest to the dog. Then he rose, walked towards his horse, and returned to the fire with the bridle on his arm.

"If skins are what you seek," he said, addressing the three trappers, "try eastward, by the Squaw Fall; this is one from the Hollow," and taking a valuable fur from his saddle-bag, he placed it on the spot from which he had just risen, and, with a graceful wave of his hand, sprang upon the horse, called to the dog, and rode away at a swift gallop.

"That's him," said the Mexican, Alph, picking up the skin, "and that is always how he goes. Never a word too much—and always a fur or a piece of gold."

And he crossed himself devoutly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT.

Miss Julia Wilson was born in this city in 1860, and made her first appearance on any stage, as we are informed, in Robinson Hall, about four years ago, singing in opera-bouffe. After the close of the season there she appeared on the variety stage as a serio-comic vocalist and in neat songs and-dances. Being a good singer and displaying much taste in the costumes she wore, she made a success, and offers of engagements from other cities were accepted and fulfilled. In Boston and Philadelphia she became highly popular. In this city she played several successful engagements in Tony Pastor's Theatre and the Globe, and it was while performing in the last named theatre, about two years ago, that she first acted Tot in Denman Thompson's drama of "Joshua Whitcomb." So emphatic was the hit she made that Mr. Thompson at once engaged her to travel with him to impersonate that character, and she is now performing with him. Being quite petite in stature, her personal appearance is eminently adapted to the portrayal of the little crossing-sweeper, and her acting is sympathetic and natural. Later in the drama she is seen as a young lady of society, and her embodiment of this phase of the character is also distinctively marked and characterized by archness and vivacity. The various songs appropriate to the play allotted her enable her to display her powers as a vocalist, and form an attractive feature of the entertainment. Miss Wilson has a plump, well-rounded figure and an expressive face. Considering her brief experience as an actress, her success has been somewhat remarkable.

A JUDICIAL DESCRIPTION.—We find the following passage in the speech of an Elko (Nev.) lawyer to a jury: "Here we have a physician, a man who from his high and noble calling should be regarded as one who would scorn to stain his soul with perjury. But what did he testify, gentlemen? I put the question to him plainly, 'Where was this man stabbed?' And what was his reply? Unblushingly he replied that the man was stabbed about an inch to the left of the medial line, and yet we have proved by three unimpeachable witnesses that he was stabbed just below the Young America hoisting works."

ON THE STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY ALDEN.

That she's one of the daughters of pleasure and woe,
There's something about her to tell;
Yet, walking before me, her manner would show
From what heights of refinement she fell.

Just here at this corner, a moment I'll stand;
Though I cannot her sorrows avert.
She lifts up her train in her delicate hand,
While her soul drags along in the dirt.

Ah, yes! she's a beauty—o that there's no doubt;
And her form is a model of grace—
But such wandering thoughts I had best do without;
How I wish I'd a glimpse of her face!

As she moves she reminds me—ah, back come the years;
'Tis long since I knew home's embrace—
Of one that hung over me, kissed me with tears;
Time ne'er can her loving efface.

Five years have passed by since I left the old farm;
The dear old folks have gone to their rest;
That sweet sister who only my spirit could charm
Is with Tom—well, it's all for the best!

Ah! the Unknown is stopping on reaching Broadway,
I've a mind to accost her—'tis night—
Just to glance at her beauty, hear what she may say;
There's no harm, if I keep out the light.

"Good-evening!" At sound of my voice, with a start
She turns—our eyes meet. "Brother Ned!"
"O Jessie, my sister, once pride of my heart!
O Father, strike both of us dead!"

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

THE VERY LATEST.—The people of San Domingo have rebelled against their ruler, and refuse to *Baez* commands.

SHIP AHOY.—Many men go down to *see* in "schooners" and get *blind* drunk.

KEEN AS A RAZOR.—"Dined with a barber, eh What did you have for dinner?" "Hare."

"OUR BOYS."—*Jim:* My father's got what your father

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

JOSEPH SUNDERLAND, Glenham.—Hold the body erect—a little back rather than forward—and keep the legs as straight as possible. Both feet must not be off the ground at the same time, as the other leaves the ground. The weight of the body falls upon the heels, whereas in running it is thrown upon the toes. A man who inclines his body forward and bends the knee has a bad style, and when pressed is almost certain to walk unfairly. The arms should be kept well up and rung across and free of the chest, the shoulders being lifted in unison with each alternate stride.

[illegible] feat or turning a triple somersault from a horizontal bar of the usual height used upon the stage, although several performers claim to turn it. One height a revolution is made before leaving the bar, and consequently the performer only makes two and one half revolutions in the air. In a double somersault from the bar the performer only makes one revolution and a half after leaving the bar. To accomplish a triple somersault after leaving the bar the performer must either make *three and a half revolutions* or alight on his head.

DUPLEX, Phila.—We have said that W. B. Clarke was connected with Barnum's Museum, Spring street, near Broadway. What you now write should be annoying to us, for the reason that, had you written it in the first place, instead of submitting a broad conundrum, it would have saved us a great deal of time and search. When "Moses" was produced, W. B. Clarke was stage manager of the New Bowery Theatre. When "Christian Martyrs" was produced, he was stage-manager of the Old Bowery, and had been for about forty-five days.

W. A. A., Washington.—"Aida" was first produced at Cairo, Egypt, Dec. 24, 1871; at La Scala, Milan, Italy, Feb. 7, 1872; at the Academy of Music, New York (first time in America), Nov. 25, 1873; at the Theatre Italiens, Paris, France, April 22, 1876; and at the Royal Italian Opera-house, London, Eng., June 22, 1876. The story was first suggested by the Khedive of Egypt, and was written by the celebrated Egyptologist M. Mariette in French prose. It was then turned into French verse by Camille du Locle, and finally put into Italian verse by Sig. Ghislanzoni.

MORTIMER.—1. In 1875 the rate of interest, after a debt had become due, was ten per cent. in California; but parties could agree upon any rate of interest, simple or compound, in negotiating a loan or contracting a debt. We do not know that the law has been changed. As matters of this kind are not in our line, we keep no record of changes of laws through legislative action. 2. A man can win who bets on "a sure thing," provided he has not resorted to fraud to procure the wager.

R. C. S.—We presume that the facts in the case being well known, the dispute in the case is as to the use of the verb *is*, the bet having been dated Jan. 17, 1878, or long before the Silver Bill was acted upon finally. Silver is made a legal tender; consequently, to the purpose of this bet, that it would be made such, not in the remote future, but as the immediate result of Congressional proceedings then pending.

P. J. O., West Troy.—As you will perceive by a note under the heading "Miscellaneous," the alleged feat does not constitute what is known as a "somersault," before, do not bet upon it. A letter addressed to Mr. Forley, Forley's Market, Passayunk avenue and Moore street, Philadelphia (who was one of the parties to the match), may secure for you the information you want. Geo. D. Tallman, the other party, is dead.

J. E. J., Huntsville.—You are mistaken. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," dramatized by the late Charles Western Taylor, was originally produced in the National Theatre, this city, Aug. 23, 1852. George L. Aiken's version was first produced in the Troy (N. Y.) Museum Sept. 27, 1852, and the first acted in this city at the National Theatre July 18, 1853. It was the latter version which had so long a run.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Jersey Swamps.—A wins the pot. There is no necessity for his owing but two cards in that way, although there ought to be. As he knew those cards could not win, it was childishness for him to make believe he had no better than one pair. He is entitled to the pot because it is his privilege to insist upon showing all his cards.

E. D. GOODRICH, Harrisburg.—Unless it is expressly stipulated when the match is made that the pedestrian shall walk a part of the 1,000 miles in each and every one of the 1,000 consecutive hours, he can please himself in regard to the duration of his resting periods, and if he finishes the 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours from the time of starting, he wins.

ADAMS, Cleveland.—Use glasses of any size, taking care to select those which emit a pure tone. The quantity of water used regulates the notes. Strike them with a pine stick, or use a stick upon which a thin strip of rubber is placed, and moistened with water, to draw across the tops of the glasses.

T. L., Fergous Falls.—1. A short-card player is one who for money plays card-games such as euchre, cribbage, seven-up and poker, instead of California jack, casino or whist, other games in which the entire pack is called into requisition. 2. Address J. M. Ladin, in our care. He sells what you want.

PROVIDENCE.—1. Sayers became champion of England by defeating Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher." 2. Pete Croker beat Patsy Hogan for a purse, 17 rounds, 56min., in a room in this city, Oct. 18, 1872. 3. Seddons' Mouse was never matched with Billy Tapley.

J. M., Delaware.—If the published conditions of the handicap stated that only the winners of the second trial heats were to run in the final heat, you, having lost your second heat, were debarred from starting in the deciding heat.

A. B. F., Philadelphia.—The new silver dollar need not create any difficulty in the matter of sending money through the mails, as P. O. orders, registered letters or stamps will enable parties to send large or small amounts in payment for books or other merchandise purchased.

VICTOR.—He had no brother there. The Edwin White you refer to is not related to him. He is now known as Robert Ellingham. George W. White, a bone-player, now dead, performed there, as did also Cool White, now in temporary retirement.

S. W., Evansville.—No answers by mail. Under the circumstances which you describe there is only one course to pursue, viz., interview every manager who visits your city, tell him what you wish to accomplish, and ask him to aid you.

FAIRVIEW, Phila.—A wins, unless B can show better than three aces. 2. When there is a call, no card in the game, even though he has passed out of that hand, can compel every player interested in the call to show his full hand.

A SLEDGE FOR TWELVE YEARS, Providence.—1. For one inch, cash in advance, $21.84; for two inches, $43.68. 2. No; only a city or town license, which varies in each State. 3. Several years ago. 4. No; your tailor can make you a better one.

HOFFMAN HOUSE.—The Beaverwick Club of Albany won the first heat of the amateur four-oared race at the Centennial Regatta. The crew of the London (Ont.) Rowing Club finished second, and the Watkins (N. Y.) Club four third, none others competing.

G. B., Nebraska.—Make yourself proficient in some of your specialties, and apply for an engagement. An advertisement calling attention to your qualifications may do service.

W. W. G.—1. About half a mile. 2. A copy of that CLIPPER might be got by advertising for it. 3. It was probably 1856 or 1857. It could not have been later than 1857. Address George F. Hoar, Boston, or call on *The Tribune* here.

G. S.—The paper should not be presented by his as of resignation he has ceased to have any business there until he is requested to withdraw or reconsider his resignation, and does so.

P. B., Auburn.—We do not require a regular there. If you care to send reports of aquatics, baseball, turf, etc., so as to reach us not later than by the first mail on Monday mornings, they will be thankfully received and used.

T. B. F., Helena.—1. B is out on high-low. 2. The card that counts the more—sancho. High, low, jack and game, however, count before either of the innovations—sancho and pedro.

J. J. C.—1. Having played alone and made five tricks, C makes four. 2. Three tricks would have given him one point. D's going alone against him was immaterial. D had a right to go alone.

ALEXANDER ST. JAMES, Dover.—1, 2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. There is no "record" about the price of horses. Fancy prices are largely fictitious. 4. Do not know where you own him in reality. 5. No. 6. Not at hand.

ACME, Pittsburg.—1 and 2. See reply to "R. F. S." 3. Edwards first beat Collyer at Cherry Point, Va., 47 rounds being fought in 1h. 14m. 4. Four aikes beat four aces at poker.

NO. 13, New Haven.—1, 2, 3. Yes. But there are exceptions to the first two cases. 4. That party wins who is first to call out before the last card of the deal has been lifted.

CARDS.—Bill takes two points for a euchre. He could take no more, even had he made five tricks. Only Joe could go alone.

MRS. M. R. C., Galveston.—No answers by mail. They are traveling with Mme. Renta's Female Minstrels, now en route to this city from California.

S. S. HOGAN, Ottawa.—1. Callie Curtis won the last match for the title. 2. Cannot say, as we know nothing of the relative merits of the professionals now in Canada.

MONROE ST. G., Louisville.—We think that by W. M. Davis, was a brother of U. S. Marshal Ash, and formerly resided at Sacramento, Cal.

R. S. P., New Haven.—Which troupe of Christy Minstrels do you refer? There have been numerous companies bearing this title.

J. F., Richmond.—A wins the pot. B forfeited all right to it when, instead of showing his cards to the board, he threw them into the pack.

G. H. B., New Centreville.—1. They can be had of Samuel French & Son, Union square. 2. Price, 15 cents per copy. 3. He probably never acted King Lear.

POULTRY, Georgetown.—1. Send to Ed. James, as per advertised address, for a catalogue. 2. We know nothing about the business.

JAMES KANE, Keyport.—1. There are no rules governing that style of lifting. We think, however, a bend should be allowed while raising the weight. 2. No record.

W. H. H., Hartford.—No answers by telegraph or mail. He has given up all engagements made for "The Soldier's Trust," and has gone to San Francisco, Cal., to act.

W. H. G., Georgetown.—Washington was the second President of the United States in one sense, and in another he was not.

W. M. W., Seneca.—This inquirer wishes to know if the novel of Olive Warner, by Chandos Derrick, has ever been dramatized. Perhaps someone can inform us.

THREE SPOKES, St. Louis.—It is so simple as not to merit the name of problem. Loose, of course, just what A got away with—two dollars and the hat.

MISS F. L. M., Louisville.—We have inclosed your letter, addressed it to him, and advertised it, which will be the quickest way of reaching him.

G. W. S., Wilkesbarre.—1. B wins. 2. There is no way of finding out.

J. H. C.—They never were champions. There was no championship until 1871.

W. H. B., Boston.—He is performing in the music-halls in Great Britain.

E. F. M., Boston.—No such advertisement has appeared in THE CLIPPER during the past month.

NEW ORLEANS.—THE CLIPPER cannot be purchased in this city, or anywhere else, until Tuesday morning.

ROPE WALKER, Dansville.—Potash is one of the strongest and cheapest alkalies.

GILLPOSTER, Stockton.—Have not heard of that directory.

J. H. B., Malden.—Your subscription will expire with No. 1, Vol. 26. Have extended it for another year.

C. G. S., Lansing.—There is a well-known star actress of that name; but she never acted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

T. S. B., New Orleans.—Will endeavor to answer you in our next issue.

H. D. G., Memphis.—You had better return it for alteration, as it might lead to unpleasant complications.

C. C., Providence.—Ethan Allen died near Lawrence, Kansas, Sept. 10, 1876.

ASS. WAY, R. I.—Edward Hoyle was the original. He has been dead many years, and his book is out of print.

R. ROOS, Davenport.—No answers by mail. His name is Thomas W. Davey, and he is now in Windsor, Canada.

J. E., Jersey City.—Three fives, with a jack turned up, count eight in the game.

DECLINED.—"The Old Road." "Doomed, or Virtue Triumphant." "Lines to C. R. Thorne Jr., as Shelf."

C. H., Albany.—We should be 10,000 obliged to you, but we cannot publish the speech you send us.

STUDENT, Hamilton.—Address Harper Brothers, publishers, this city.

MUSIC.—"The Watervill" as a song can be obtained of Chas. F. Escher, 1,330 Girard avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

F. A. B., Haverhill.—It was a heel-and-toe walk. See report elsewhere in this issue.

C. A. R., St. Louis.—He is justified in playing so as to make himself winner, instead of A.

SILVER HORNS, New Britain.—There is nothing to prevent it.

F. C., Millville.—We have never heard of a Russian bowling-table, each cues, pins and balls.

G. A. J., Newcastle.—"Seven" can be raised; "sevens" cannot.

A., B., C., Chicago.—C can take the blind, or he can pass it, or he can warn it up and draw from it.

JAMES BAXTER, Detroit.—We do not know whether he did or not. Better ask it of Coleman.

A READER, Boston.—As that is a mooted question, the bet is a draw.

A READER.—No. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will inform you.

F. X. G.—1. George M. Robeson. 2. At present there are twenty-six clubs in the International Association.

G. D., Springfield.—His name does not appear in the City Directory.

S. R., West Fitchburg.—Xseds, Eng., is a town in the English acceptation of the term.

H. H. P., Phila.—Communicate with J. K. Emmet, as per notice in CLIPPER.

G. C. MCD., Boston.—From $20 to $150 per week, according to merit and reputation.

LOFTY, West Troy.—I believe It is as you state. 2. Gustave W. Laweck Jr. 3. She was.

REX, Cincinnati.—Five deuces will not beat five sixes at anything.

THOS. CAREY.—When money is placed on deposit here the challenge will be inserted.

C. T. B., Waynesburg.—Write to Ed. James, per address in advertisement.

A SUBSCRIBER, Hamilton.—Neither. James Owens was champion then, and is yet.

DEER LODGE.—Cannot give any opinion.

JOHN SCHWEIL.—One dollar received.

A. A. GRAYNE.—One dollar received.

F. P. S., Phila.—We have one there.

K. J. F., Waverly.—It is a sweep.

LOUISA WATSON.—Out of print.

H. W., Lowell.—Low jack wins.

CASSINO, Cincinnati.—Yes.

ALLEGHENY.—Cannot say.

M. J. R.—It is gambling.

J. G.—It is not.

ABOUT CORRESPONDENTS.

That department of THE CLIPPER known as the Correspondents' Column has grown from a small beginning to a most important feature. For years it has sought to give trustworthy information on all subjects of interest to readers. The answers have been made promptly, and, where decisions on disputed questions were called for, those have been given always without favor. It has been, in part, a self-imposed task, and by no means an easy one. Still, we have taken pleasure in the work, and have watched the growing number of questions with satisfaction.

One or two things should be kept in mind by those who seek THE CLIPPER's aid in their pursuit of knowledge. Generally speaking, it is easy work to ask questions; to answer them briefly and correctly is not always so simple. An Old Subscriber, for example—we capitalize him because we hold him in profound reverence—sits down and writes: "When did Jacob Jacobs play 'Hamlet' in West Hoboken?" It does not take the Old Subscriber more than a minute to ask this question on a postal card. Unfortunately, the answer can be found only by searching the files, and that is not the work of a minute. Perhaps it takes an hour; perhaps two; possibly six. Jacob Jacobs was never a great actor, and the record of his career is a little misty. However, we live for the one object of obliging all old subscribers, and so we cheerfully hunt through the files until we get on Jacob's trail, and run him down as "Hamlet" in West Hoboken. Then we write the answer—"May 9, 1831." It makes but a single line, and yet that line represents two hours' work. This may be taken as a fair illustration of the time and labor required to answer a large proportion of the questions submitted. Now, when it is remembered that an average of at least one hundred and fifty distinct inquiries are sent in every week—the number has sometimes exceeded four hundred—and further, that many of the questions are little better than conundrums, depending for their solution upon those faculties of the mind which enable a man to work out Chinese puzzles—when these facts are remembered, the reader will be able to appreciate the care and labor required to prepare the answers to correspondents.

While he is in this appreciative mood, we would throw out a hint or two which we hope may not be lost. THE CLIPPER, let him bear in mind, is glad to answer all reasonable questions and to decide disputed points, if they come within its province. But it does not profess to be authority on all subjects under the sun. Theological discussions, for instance, may more properly be referred to theological teachers. We should not care to decide a bet as to whether there is or isn't a hell. The correspondent who writes to learn which lottery is the safest must expect to be disappointed. So must the one who is anxious to find a purchaser for his original five-act play. So, too, must that numerous class of truthseekers who ask questions about the ages and private lives of professional people. Doubtless these correspondents have not the remotest idea of making their inquiries impertinent. They are simply—let us say naturally—curious to know something of the everyday life of the persons they see only upon the stage; but a moment's reflection should convince them that THE CLIPPER cannot honorably give the information they seek. The writer of this rose-tinted epistle, for instance, who wants to know how old the leading-lady at the Blank-street Theatre is, must not consider us cruel if we refuse to tell. It is hard to deny anything asked for in such pretty chirography and faultless syntax; but would Jennie D. like to have some monster of an editor tell *her* age to a curious world? Or would she think of sending a communication to the local paper of the town where she lives, asking to be told the age of a specified lady who is also a resident of that town? No, we feel assured that Jennie D. would not do this. Well, then, let us say to Jennie—and perhaps she will do us the favor to tell her friends—that, according to THE CLIPPER's code of politeness, no distinction is to be drawn between actors and those who follow other professions; that the private life of the former is to be held just as sacred as that of the latter; and that we must decline to print information concerning the one which might be regarded as offensive if applied to the other. When Jennie D. has thought over this subject, she will, we are sure, agree with us; and thereby she will prove herself to be possessed of the good sense with which we credit her.

It need hardly be said that, in order to build up a correspondents' column, a journal must be accurate in its answers, sound in its advice, and unbiased in its decisions. This THE CLIPPER has endeavored to be. That it has proved itself trustworthy is shown from the increasing number of questions which are sent in each week. We shall continue to mete out wisdom to all who seek it, but we would kindly suggest that those who write should first satisfy themselves that they have a question, and not a conundrum, to propound.

SOME PEOPLE don't care how much they hurt a fellow-creature's feelings. On one of those ever-memorable sunshiny days of the past week, a misguided youth, on his way to a baseball field, caught our ball-reporter on the fly, and wickedly said unto him these words: "Te living man, come view the ground where you must shortly lie!" Wasn't it easay? "Our Jim" says that if such an insulting proposal had been made to him, the relatives and friends would have been invited. Ah, but he fails to say whose funeral it would be!

IT IS SAID that a man was recently abducted from a town in Jersey, and carried hundreds of miles away, while his family mourned him as lost. The motive for this rash act lies in the painful fact that the abducted one was the leader of a brass band down there! Knowledge of this bereavement has cast a cloud on all country bands, and the leaders thereof are resigning as fast as the papers can be drawn up and acted upon. The outlook is by no means cheerful, and all the airs of the amateur bands are played in a minor key.

IT IS SAID that the intrepid barkeepess of the South are beginning to "tumble" to the mysteries of the Moffast bell-punch, and the revenue of the State is likely to be curtailed by right of this discovery. And yet it will be prudent for the operators to "punch with care," and to see that the machine is nicely greased, else the "tumble" will be of little avail.

NO MAN who wants to make a display on the road this season should lose sight of the opportunity to secure horseflesh cheap for cash. In Constantinople horses are selling at from one to two dollars apiece! We are now ciphering out the problem whether or not it will pay to purchase our roadsters in Turkey.

WE DON'T like the form of the chicken on the off-side of the coming silver dollar. It looks as if its wings had been clipped, and as if it had otherwise been cut out for an irrepressible conflict with the chicken on one of last year's half-dollars. This comes of ignoring native talent.

THERE SEEMS to be a sudden dearth of savings-bank and insurance-company explosions—the result, probably, of incarcerating in durance vile the officials of several collapsed concerns.

NOW IS THE TIME to transplant red herrings. Dig well under the roots before removing them to the shad row!

SOME COMMON MISTAKES.

A story has found its way into print to the effect that a fashionable young woman in Brooklyn, while witnessing a recent performance of "Hamlet," turned to her companion and asked: "Which is Shakespeare, anyway?" When told that Shakespeare was merely the author of the play, she shook the diamonds in her ears reflectively and added: "Oh, I thought he was one of the actors!" Some natural yet erroneous impressions may be drawn from this exaggerated bit of satire. The first of these is that an actor, even when he treads the highest walks of art, is forced to appear before a good many persons who are altogether unable to appreciate his work. Now, it may be exceedingly discouraging to play to empty benches, but it must be even more discouraging to play to blockheads. Not that the Brooklyn young lady is to be counted a blockhead—oh, no! She is simply the type of a numerous class—a class which patronizes the stage, and spends a considerable sum of money for books and paintings, and so lives in the belief that it encourages literature, art and the drama. So far as the mighty dollar goes, this belief is well founded. But the idea must, at times, intrude itself upon the mind of the true artist that there is some higher motive in art than money. If he be an actor, the desire will be as strong as natural to play before appreciative auditors. Even diamonds in pink ears will not always compensate for such inquiries as "Which is Shakespeare, anyway?" A second and seemingly obvious conclusion to be drawn from the story is this: The theatre gets its support from all classes of society; and to be popular, nowadays, it must not be too deep. Here is the real secret of the flood of gush and gore, of platitudes and powder, which has swept over the stage. The playwright of experience will tell you that good work is not wanted; high art is nonsense; fine writing counts for nothing. He will point triumphantly to "Mulberry Sellers" and "The Mighty Dollar," and explain to you that that is the kind of stuff you must produce if you would make a successful play. This may seem reasonable enough, and no doubt the experienced playwright is himself fully convinced of the soundness of his own logic. But, as a matter of fact, he makes a most serious mistake. So too does the actor who fumes and frets under the belief that his audiences are not able to perceive the greatness of his performance. The real moral which ought to be drawn from this Brooklyn girl's remark is that stupidity is so rare an exception among American theatre-goers that it at once becomes conspicuous. Let the actor play his prettiest, and he will find that all the merit he possesses will be discovered by the audience. And as for the dramatist's striving to write *down* to what he calls the level of public taste, let him make one honest effort to write *up* to that level. If he reaches it, his success will be assured.

We took occasion to say at the outset that the incident which had found its way into the newspapers might be true. In conclusion, we desire to add that we believe nothing of the kind ever happened. But that does not in any way detract from the force and beauty of these observations.

WE MERELY desire to remind our readers that with this issue closes the twenty-fifth annual volume of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER; and we may add that the hand which is writing this also wrote the first article for the opening number of this journal, nearly a quarter of a century ago. In that time we have gathered a happy family of readers and contributors around us; and some friends who embarked with us on our first voyage are sailing with us yet, their friendship being steadfast and true in all those years. Others who took passage with us in our experimental trip have fallen into their last sleep, gone to that bourne whence, according to W. Shakespeare, there is no return. In spirit they are still with us, however, and truthful photographs of their friendship and kindness and encouragement can never be effaced. And though new friends have arisen to take their places, and though new associations have been formed as the years move on, memory will ever cherish fond recollections of "auld lang syne" and those who journeyed with us when hope was high and cash was low. Next week we may have a genial talk with the thousands through whose support and assistance we have been enabled to place THE CLIPPER among the most popular and reliable journals of the country. Just now, as we said in the beginning of this little scrap, we wish to remind you that the twenty-fifth annual volume of THE CLIPPER is herewith ended, for the years speed along so swiftly, the older we grow, that, if we do not keep our thoughts active, Time is apt to distance us.

NOW that "we" have organized the proper sort of Arctic expedition, it is highly probable that the result of our laudable endeavors will be the discovery of the long-lost Pole, and the planting of the American flag upon its topmost peak. The world would still be suffering to learn the sources of the Congo, had "we" not solved the problem; in our imagination Livingston might be alive to-day, had "we" not sent Stanley to discover and locate him! And now "we" are about to cap the climax of our scientific aspirations by breaking up the Polar Sea of Ice, and opening it to the commerce of the world! What a beautiful commentary on the supineness of other nations will our discovery of the Pole afford, and what a remarkable example of the progress of civilization may be made to the nations of the world by the rowing of a champion four-oared race on the placid waters of the Polar Sea! And yet we are *so* youthful among the nations of the earth.

IT WAS with an aching heart that we read the report of the "eccentricities" of Congressman Douglass of Virginia in the House of Representatives at Washington one day last week. "They say" that he was intoxicated, and interrupted the proceedings of the august body of which he is a member. The unseasonable heat of the weather at the time, no doubt, had something to do with the worthy Representative's "indisposition." Virginia's Presidents and other lamented representative men have reason to be thankful that they did not live to witness the vagaries of their fellow-statesman. The "Douglass in the Hall" will have cause to regret the free exhibition he made of himself as long as he lives; so will all the Representatives in Congress assembled. L. Beer has much to answer for.

CLIPPER PRIZES FOR THE INTERNATIONALS.—A few weeks ago we announced our intention to offer a few prizes for competition among the clubs comprising the International Baseball Association. Next week we shall publish a communication from the president and secretary of the Internationals in reference to our offer, and also present a code of rules for the guidance of those who may take part in the friendly competition.

AN IGNORANT CORRESPONDENT wishes to know "what the eagle on the new dollar is clutching in his hands, as he has been unable to make them out." In the first place, it isn't an eagle, but it *is* a chicken; in one hand there is a spray of three-leaved clover, and in the other a bunch of implements for spearing bullfrogs. Any other information needed on the subject will be gladly given to those who have not time to go to Washington to see about it.

IN READING in one of the daily papers a few days ago something about four burglars being surprised by a policeman while they were endeavoring to "go through" a store in Boston, we were puzzled by this curious statement: "The policeman endeavored to make an arrest; other officers coming up, the burglars made their escape." What bothers us is whether we are to suppose that the other officers aided in the escape of the burglars, or whether they got away without their connivance.

"OUR JIM," on being asked what he thought of the introduction in this city of the Moffut bell-punch, says that if the bell-punch is as good as whiskey-punch, he has no objection to it, and the sooner it takes its place among our genial beverages the better it will be for a long-suffering people. He believes it to be more fit for general use than some of "the Jersey lightning which is forced down our throats."

STORMS of "hailstones larger than hens' eggs" are now in order, the first of the season having commenced down in West Virginia on the night of March 11. It will take a storm of hailstones of the goose-egg pattern to oversize old Virginia's pile!

WE ARE not at all pleased with the new silver dollar. In fact, we are very much dissatisfied with the whole concern; and if Government can't do any better in the matter of silver money, we shall hereafter make our own dollars!

THE MAN who endeavored to defraud another by selling him an oroide watch for a gold one tried to destroy the evidence of his *gilt*, but was detected in *time*, and is now where they are keeping a *watch* over him.

WE ARE NOW looking around for a candidate for the Presidency. It's a long look ahead, we admit, but it takes time to get the right man in the right place, for the most of us would sooner be President than be right.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** March 11: Senator Blaine opposed to paying a million dollars a year for the right to fish in Canadian waters. Nevertheless, it would not be right to hook the fish.....Jury instructed to dismiss the first of the three suits against Gen. Howard.....President nominated John W. Hoyt to be Governor of Wyoming.....Congressional Committee found another ring—five stock Committee's Rushing things.....Senate created commission to report on whiskey. Bosser make it a committee of the whole.....More excise bills in New York Assembly; one to rule out cocktails, and threaten only light wines and beer; the other to give all drinks a chance.....Investigation into Trenton, N. J., prison horrors ended.....Burglars at Clifton, S. I., spread feast while family slept. Ate cold chicken and drank port wine. Took off $500 worth of silver.....Body of Deputy-marshal Burns found in the Hudson at Yonkers. Foul play or foul whiskey?.....Annual fight in Montreal between Orangemen and Catholics.....Twelve-year-old boy in Philadelphia shot and killed a playmate who refused to give him candy.....City news: Morrison-Lopez marriage again puzzled the courts; contestants of the Stewart will came up once more with their cousinly claims; Conrad Muller sentenced to four years for setting fire to his box factory; Baptist ministers voted that future punishment is endless—that settles it; engineer fell from the Elevated Railroad and was killed; anti-Tammany Democrats voted to keep up their organization; young lady at Ashland House broke with small diamond ring—reward to Black well's Island; depositors drawing their money from the Union Dime Savings-bank.....Brooklyn Aldermen in hot water.....A Paterson, N. J., bank clerk arrested for embezzlement. The only remarkable thing about it is that he had gone so long without embezzling.....Tenement-house fire in Jersey City. Firemen injured in making a rescue.....Guttenberg, N. J., excited over a corpse in a cellar.....Incendiary fire destroyed brush-factory in East Haven, Ct.....Two children burned to death in Harrisburg, Pa.....John Q. Pinkham sentenced to be hanged at Dover, N. H.

*** March 12: State election in New Hampshire, Gov. Prescott, Republican, re-elected.....Senate voted to help James Gordon Bennett's Polar expedition; also to "relieve" Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.....In the House Mr. Hale talked about the "cheeseparing" economy of the Democrats. And the latter wanted him to cheese it.....New York Senate discussed advisability of reducing members' salaries. Nothing could be more advisable.....Powder explosion in South Acton, Mass. Two men blown to atoms.....Farmers' and Traders' Bank of Lexington, Ky., suspended. First in two days. Something wrong.....On his way to the Clinton, N. Y., Prison, Peter Scott left his baggage, manacled to handcuffs, behind him, and went out of the car-window for refreshments. He's Scott free.....All the suits against Gen. Howard decided in his favor.....John Morrissey again in a critical condition.....Massachusetts Legislature defeated the prohibitory liquor bill. Let the mild Medford beverage reign forever.....Dartmouth College-house burning; Freshmen hammer Sophomore's head with bottles; Freshmen arrested for assault with intent to kill. Let the good work of education go on.....City news: Judge decided the Lopez-Morrison marriage no marriage—Lopez locked up; fashionable Broadway milliner smuggled Spring bonnets and things through the Custom-house, but detectives seized 'em; young Richard Shaw, Fifth-avenue home, piles of money, tried to kill himself for a nice but naughty girl—O Shaw; Aldermen voted to erect an armory in Washington square; John J. Wilson and his wife sent to the penitentiary for permitting their children to beg in the streets; Grand Jury found bills against Mmes. Roedell.....By cable: Forty lives lost by colliery explosion near Belton, Eng.; Prince Hassan suspected of conspiring against the Sultan.....Fires: F. O. Pierce & Co.'s paint warehouse in Fulton street, this city—fireman fatally injured—loss $55,000; livery stables in Ellenville, N. Y.—loss $10,000; Merrimack (N. H.) County Poorhouse—loss $18,000; lumbery at Collingwood, Ont.—loss heavy; Week & Co.'s soap-works in Cincinnati, O.—loss about $5,000.

*** March 13: Virginia Congressman drunk. Attempted to address the chair as "mizzer-speaker." And Virginia, the mother of statesmen, gives milk of that sort to her babes!...Blaine made a bitter attack upon Carl Schurz.....Caucus of Democratic Representatives to cut down the regular army, oh!.....Three days' tax on whiskey dollars received in Washington. One more would have secured a year's subscription to THE CLIPPER.....Town elections in New Jersey.....Connecticut Legislature voted to reorganize the Charter Oak Company on a mutual basis.....Chicago cut down its police force 100 men. What does Chicago want of policemen, anyway?.....John Morrissey telegraphed to Sayers that the match was very low.....Hailstones in Jefferson County, Va., big as a man's fist. Hail, gentile Spring!.....Cora Pearl Husted got a divorce at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....New Jersey Legislature exonerated Kelsey by a vote of 55 to 1.....Persons freezing to death in Wyoming Territory.....Baltimore detective's stolen vessel. Passenger and captain put up job to sell the cargo of coffee and then settle down on their own grounds.....Explosion of a gas-machine in Pottstown, Pa. Three men badly burned..... City news: First steamboats of the season for Albany; twenty-four hours and not an arrest in the Fourth Ward—for the first time in thirty years; Mrs. Geo. W. Kidd of Forty-seventh street confronted by a burglar, kept cool, drove the man from the house, and took his revolver; milk-dealers fined—too much water; first North-river shad, foreshadowing what will come; Vanderbilt's will and weaknesses further dissected.....By cable: Storerooms at Woolwich (Eng.) dockyard gave way, burying hundreds of workmen under the ruins; Cassagnac fought another duel; forty-four bodies removed from the Kearsly colliery.....Fires: The building No. 74 William street, this city, damaged to the extent of $2,500; two buildings at Wells, Me., one of them taking fire from the explosion of a lamp—loss $7,000.

*** March 14: Three thousand of the new silver dollars paid out at Washington.....More fighting at Princeton College. Theological students get the worst broken.....Congress voted to extend time for paying tax on whiskey in bond. But how about whiskey in the bottle?.....Bill in Pennsylvania Legislature making it a penal offense to ask a man to drink. But you can still ask him to smile.....John Morrissey better.....Severe storm in the interior of Ohio. Houses unroofed. Heavy damages.....Gov. Robinson vetoed the new code.....The Dartmouth College-house, but detectives seized 'em; young Richard Shaw, Fifth-avenue home, piles of money, tried to kill himself for a nice but naughty girl—O Shaw; Aldermen voted to erect an armory in Washington square; John J. Wilson and his wife sent to the penitentiary for permitting their children to beg in the streets; Grand Jury found bills against Mmes. Roedell.....By cable: Forty lives lost by colliery explosion near Belton, Eng.; Prince Hassan suspected of conspiring against the Sultan.....Fires: F. O. Pierce & Co.'s paint warehouse in Fulton street, this city—fireman fatally injured—loss $55,000; livery stables in Ellenville, N. Y.—loss $10,000; Merrimack (N. H.) County Poorhouse—loss $18,000; lumbery at Collingwood, Ont.—loss heavy; Week & Co.'s soap-works in Cincinnati, O.—loss about $5,000.

*** March 15: The House Committee on Reform recommended the removal of Doorkeeper Polk. Then anybody can enter Congress....Hard-money League organized at Chicago. Money has been hard enough of late to make leagues redundant.....Secretary Evarts sent out a circular inviting foreign governments to join in a monetary conference.....A lively demand for the new silver dollar in Washington.....Run on the Boston savings-banks.....Field-day for the gallows. Joseph Lapage, the murderer of Josie Langmaid, hanged at Concord, N. H. Confessed. Gus Johnson stretched the rope at Rome, Ga. Said he had killed a man. Robert Bishop, Savoy, who was to have been hanged at Aiken, S. C., respited for two weeks. Calvin Stewart, at Morristown, N. J., given twenty years' imprisonment, instead of death, to which he had been sentenced.....Four Princeton students held for the Grand Jury.....Henry Grazer and his wife murdered near Fort Madison, Ia., and their house fired.....City news: Thomas M. Rogers, a young Englishman, attempted suicide at the Astor House; new dollars and Jersey violets came in together; Jas. Finley killed on the Hudson-river Railroad at Twenty-eighth street; body of Heyman Goodman found in the East River—he mysteriously disappeared two months ago; application made for removal of the receiver of Greenleaf, Morris & Co.; more of Vanderbilt's seven-tricities brought to light; fellow in Canal street snatched a woman's watch, but she chased him, and with an officer caught him.....Congress adjourned out of respect to the memory of Judge Leonard.....By cable: Russia ruled Greece out of the Congress; ex-President Baez of Santo Domingo arrived in Porto Rico.....Mormons in Shutesbury, Mass., arrested.....Fires: Four more buildings in Hot Springs—loss about $15,000; post office and store at Brookside, N. J.—loss $2,500; Ryder's carriage factory at Acton, Quebec—loss $12,000; three stores at Port Rowan, Ont.—loss $10,000; Board of Education building, Brooklyn, damaged to the amount of $10,000.

*** March 16: Mr. McGarrahan mounted the stand to tell a Senate Committee more about the New Idria Company.....Still panic among Boston savings-bank depositors.....Snow in Deadwood, Dakota, five feet deep. 'Sno place to live, anyway.....Hugh Degnan and Frank Smith, convicted of manslaughter at Buffalo, N. Y. One got eighteen, the other twenty years.....While an Ann Arbor, Mass., bank president was dancing with a pretty woman at the door, her accomplices walked off with over $40,000.....Tariff demonstration at Allentown, Pa. Procession of 15,000 men.....Brooklyn boy died of hydrophobia.....Dr. Edward Tallman sentenced at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to four years in Sing Sing for abortion.....Riots in politics in San Francisco very lively. Boss Kearney hurled from the platform while presiding over a meeting.....C. W. Tappan murdered at Deadwood, Dakota. We repeat that Deadwood's a bad place to live in.....A jury found a verdict of $1,507,703 against the ex-City Treasurer of Chicago. For any man but a city treasurer this would be a comparatively heavy fine.....City news: Two girls in Eighth avenue arrested for passing counterfeits of the new silver dollar—that's getting them out on time; Ida Guernsey fatally burned in Waverley place; Bridget Quinlan's undutiful son fractured her skull with a piece of iron; Lotos Club elected officers—Whitelaw Reid, president; attempt to burn a West Eleventh-street boarding-houses argument against steam on the Belt line; Charles Duffy stabbed by Patrick Cornell in East Nineteenth street; Gen. James McQuade's residence in West Forty-fifth street robbed of $1,500 worth of jewelry.....By cable: Six thousand persons sick with the measles at Lyons, France; England not satisfied with Russia's claims.....Fires: Slight damage to West, Bradley & Carpet's corset factory, this city—the third fire in the building within a month; the liquor store of Thomas Gillen in Pearl street, this city—and the day before St. Patrick's Day, too!

*** March 17: St. Patrick's Day. This fact is mentioned as a gentle reminder of the storm.....Fraud in the mail contracts. Senator Dorsey said to be implicated.....Colored woman in Providence, R. I., poisoned a child with arsenic.....Convict in the Boston State Prison jumped from the third story, cleared the wall and got away uninjured. But he was caught again in two hours.....Indignant citizens of Pilot Grove, Mo., discovered a negro attempting to ravish a six-year-old girl, and shot him dead.....Colored preacher in Richmond, Va., told his congregation that the sun revolves around the earth. Philosophers all mistaken. Congregation voted that the minister was right. He can lecture now.....No disturbance in Montreal over St. Patrick.....Six convicts in the Halifax Penitentiary escaped.....The Brassell brothers baptized in the Nashville, Tenn., jail. The brothers are to be hanged next week. Which is why they hoped to meet all in heaven.....Robber of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Bank arrested. Money found buried under a hill.....City news: St. Patrick's Day and no fuss. Foul play or foul whiskey?.....Annual fight in Montreal between Orangemen and Catholics.....Twelve-year-old boy in Philadelphia shot and killed a playmate who refused to give him candy.....City news: Morrison-Lopez marriage again puzzled the courts; contestants of the Stewart will came up once more with their cousinly claims; Conrad Muller sentenced to four years for setting fire to his box factory; Baptist ministers voted that future punishment is endless—that settles it; engineer fell from the Elevated Railroad and

CH 23, 1878.

has been taken by Henry Dunbar, ..."Yank" Adams exhibits its ... 19, and at Sted iker's rooms, the ... new tables of H. W. Collender's ... the Howard House, Baltimore, ... having withdrawn from Gleason's ... open for engagement.....Jacob ... elphia a few days ago, and also in ... eriod.....W. E. Cowan, the well-... amateur, has likewise been pay-...elt.

EBALL.

S at PROSPECT PARK

ball in the metropolis seldom have ... interesting a free exhibition of pro... than they do they are not slow to ... the large crowds of spectators ... rk, Brooklyn, on March 9 and ... cricket-ing matches were played ... the occasion of last Saturday's ... the season—there could not have ... and people present on the field. ... put the air was a little chilly. ... rtily after 3 P. M. by Managers Fer... the former of the new Chicago team, ... enraged to run the Milwaukees and ... ed Arthur Cummings and Barnie ... uson took little Corcoran and Cur... supporting nines in the field, but ... s side went to the bat. Ferguson ... es for outs were given off Corco... st three men who went to the bat, ... ted. Another base was made by a ... run was scored. On the other ... ith a base-hit, but by Curren's fly ... double play. Then Cassidy came ... three base hit, but before he could ... second-baseman of the Syracuses ... nk was scored. In the second inn... a base-hit, and, getting round on ... ome of Thompson's muff of Kelly's ... d man was put out. Corcoran got in on ... rren not catching as he had done ... Ferguson's team batted in another up-hill ... way of run getting was done on ... til the fifth inning, not a base-hit ... n's pitching, and but one off Cum... inning, after Chapman's side had ... for a blank, chiefly by Farrell's ... ned on Cummings for a base-hit, ... two-base ... home he was put out. ... by an overthrow from Roche, ... is being the only run that side ... In the sixth inning errors by ... Cassidy and Farrell let in two ... base-hit, and a single was added by ... uff the next inning Hinchliffe ... irren's place. This closed the run... inning ended with the totals at 5 to ... side. Score:

		R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
D. A. E.	FERGU'S SIDE.					
0 1 1	Corcoran, p.....	0	1	1	7	1
0 1 0	Curren, c	0	2	4	2	5
0 1 0	Cassidy, 1st b...	0	1	11	1	2
0 1 0	Farrell, 2d b ...	0	1	2	2	1
0 1 1	Thompson, 3d b	0	1	2	2	3
0 1 0	Kelly, s. s	0	2	0	1	1
0 1 0	Ripschlager, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
0 1 0	Taylor, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
0 1 0	Fallon, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
13 4	Totals	1	10	27	16	17

0 0 0 2 1 0 0—5
0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1
Chapman's side, 13; Ferguson's, 4. ... uson of the Chicago Club. Time, ...

casion it may be said that the con... lessness of good base hitting in ... not backed up by good fielding. ... ten base-hits off Cummings' pitch... side only scored three off Corcoran, ... wever, allowed their opponents to ... st three men who went to the bat, ... ted. Another base was made by a ... run was scored. On the other ... ith a base-hit, but by Curren's fly ... three base hit, but before he could ... second-baseman of the Syracuses ... nk was scored. In the second inn... a base-hit, and, getting round on ... ome of Thompson's muff of Kelly's ... d man was put out. Corcoran got in on ... rren not catching as he had done ... Ferguson's team batted in another up-hill ... way of run getting was done on ... til the fifth inning, not a base-hit ... n's pitching, and but one off Cum... inning, after Chapman's side had ... for a blank, chiefly by Farrell's ... ned on Cummings for a base-hit, ... two-base ... home he was put out. ... by an overthrow from Roche, ... is being the only run that side ... In the sixth inning errors by ... Cassidy and Farrell let in two ... base-hit, and a single was added by ... uff the next inning Hinchliffe ... irren's place. This closed the run... inning ended with the totals at 5 to ... side. Score:

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0 1 1	Farrell, 2d b ...	0	1	2	2	1
0 1 1	Thompson, 3d b	0	1	2	2	3
0 1 0	Kelly, s. s	0	2	0	1	1
0 1 0	Ripschlager, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
0 1 0	Taylor, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
0 1 0	Fallon, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
13 4	Totals	1	10	27	16	17

0 0 0 2 1 0 0—5
0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1
—

HUNCHBACK JIM.

When all things seem quite against me, and I deem my life a curse;
When, for fancied wrongs or real, thoughts of discontent I nurse;
Then I turn with softer feelings to a memory far and dim,
And again, through mist and shadow, stands before me Hunchback Jim.

Pale and ghostly, weak and ailing, never feeling free from pain,
Oh! how bitter were his sufferings, yet who heard him e'er complain?
Though his sorrows grew around him, he was meek and patient still,
Ever gentle in his troubles and resigned to Heaven's will.

I could understand his trials, for he was my friend and mine,
And we worked for years together, coming early, going late;
And he often would, while toiling, pause in pain to gasp for breath,
While his hands grew hot and fevered, and his face as pale as death.

And when I turned round to hold him, and to cool his burning brow,
"Thank you, Jack," he'd smile and murmur, "thank you, Jack, I'm better now;"
And while he still was speaking he would stagger, fall and faint—
Oh! what agony of suffering—yet not one word of complaint.

He went working on in sickness, when he should have been in bed,
But he had a feeble mother who looked up to him for bread;
And so on and on, with patience, looking forward to the day
Which should make an end to sorrow with the broken mould of clay.

Fate condemned him to a city, far from pleasant grove and rill;
But he nursed, with mother's worship, flowers on his window-sill;
And he held each morn communion, in a language strangely sweet,
With the little birds that fluttered, picking crumbs upon the street.

He had never known the music of a wife's soft, loving tone,
Nor the clasp of baby-fingers he could fondly call his own;
But the children all around us used to gladly run to him,
For they knew the loving kindness of poor, childless Hunchback Jim.

But at length there came the morning when I missed him at his place;
On the bench his tools lay listless, mourning for the wonted face;
Shadowed by a dark foreboding, drearily the daylight passed,
Till, uneasy, fearing, doubting, I could go to him at last.

There he lay—his cheek grown hollow—on his narrow little bed,
And my footsteps broke the stillness with a solemn ghostly tread;
Yet he sweetly smiled upon me, and he tried to rise and speak,
But his tongue could give no utterance, and he fell back faint and weak.

Through the night the lamp burnt dimly, flick'ring with the moan of death,
And I sat and grieved, and watched him, in the dull smoke of my breath;
When his voice the silence startled: "It's a smiling land," he said,
"And she's coming! Yes, she's coming! Jack, it's Freedom—she's ahead!"

Sure, no purer life did Heaven ever summon unto rest;
Patience, faith, and sweet contentment dwelt within that gentle breast;
Soaring happy with the angels, do I love to think of him,
And I always feel the better for my thoughts of Hunchback Jim.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE TRUTH.

For a moment Leslie felt like fainting. For the first time in his life he felt the dreaded grasp of the law. The fingers of the detective seemed to send an electric current through his whole frame, paralyzing him.

"I am perfectly willing to accompany you," he said, when he had recovered a little. "But I am a perfectly innocent man."

"I hope you will be able to prove it," returned the officer quietly. "But I advise you to say nothing, as every word you utter will be used against you."

"That is good advice," said Buzenval. "Let us call a cab. I suppose they will take bail. I offer myself for any amount," he added generously.

"One of these gentlemen will perhaps take a telegraphic message for me to the office?" said Leslie.

One of them offered, and the young man hastily scribbled an urgent message to his father, calling him to New York. So now, with his captor and his friend Buzenval, he got into a cab and was driven to the police-station, where Mr. Buzenval sent for his own lawyer, the famous Mr. McBroony, and also for Leslie's friend, O'Grady.

There was trouble about bail, and Mr. McBroony had a hard fight while it lasted; but was finally successful, and his client, under heavy bonds, went free again. Old Mr. Thorne duly made his appearance, and was naturally much astonished and grieved at his son's position. Of M. Foinard he had never heard.

"I should really like to see the poor man," said this old gentleman, who, as we are aware, had rather more than his share of curiosity.

"So should I," said Buzenval. "Let us go to his house."

So now they visited that unlucky abode. A great crowd of idlers had gathered before it, and the police were on guard. Persons were passing in and out, and there was the usual suppressed excitement peculiar to such scenes.

We follow our party into the room where the body lay. The inquest had not yet taken place, and M. Foinard was not, so to speak, in a condition to receive visitors. He lay quietly enough on his bed, his clothing soaked with blood, and a white cloth over his face. Men and women—apparently strangers—who had somehow gained admission, were standing about, and among them a rather peculiar figure appeared—a short, somewhat stout female, deeply veiled, who stood motionless at the very side of the bed. Mr. Toombs, the eminent undertaker, was already on hand—pale, pathetic and respectful. Politely, and rather droopingly, he did the honors. Mr. Buzenval he recognized, and with a melancholy smile welcomed him to this gloomy scene.

"Is he much changed?" asked Buzenval in a whisper.

Mr. Toombs rolled up his eyes sorrowfully, and raised his hands, and said in his dismal undertone:

"Sadly, sadly. You will hardly know him."

He lifted the cloth. Mr. Buzenval and Leslie, who had known the deceased so well in life, actually started with astonishment. Could they believe their eyes? Old Mr. Thorne seemed equally amazed.

"Surely this is not Foinard," said Leslie under his breath, awe-stricken at the awful death-change.

He very well knew that M. Foinard in life "made up" regularly every day of his existence. Here was a different man—the real man. His wig was gone. Scant gray, almost white, hair fringed the dome of a large head; sunken and hollow were the features, now so cold and still and ghastly. M. Foinard, breathing and on his feet, passed for thirty-five; dead and thus lying stiff and stark on his back, he looked nearer sixty.

"*No!*" said old Mr. Thorne vehemently, and trembling with intense excitement. "This is not M. Foinard; this is my old friend and neighbor Alphonse Randoce, the agent for a silk factory at Lyons, France."

The veiled woman at the head of the bed uttered a freezing shriek and threw herself on the corpse, sobbing convulsively.

"Alphonse! Alphonse! Alphonse!"

Immediately a commotion ensued. A policeman seized the mysterious woman who had created it.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am the true and lawful wife of Alphonse Randoce," she cried, "and here he lies."

"This man, you say, was well known to you, Mr. Thorne, as Alphonse Randoce?" asked Buzenval, trembling with agitation.

"Alphonse Randoce it is beyond all possible doubt. He lived near me at Slowton, and whenever he was at home I spent much time with him."

"Then he was not much at home?"

"Very little. He made long absences upon business, particularly of late, and I think there was family difficulty, and ——"

"I see it all!" exclaimed Buzenval. "Randoce and Foinard were the same man."

At this instant the policeman succeeded in removing the veil from the frantic woman, and Madame Randoce stood revealed.

"Madame Randoce," said old Mr. Thorne, approaching her, and shaking his quivering forefinger in her face, "it is you who committed this murder last night—don't deny it!"

She swooned.

That Madame Randoce was really the murderess of her husband, and that Randoce and Foinard were one and the same, was speedily established.

The story of the life of Randoce was a romance of itself, almost incredible, did not such things happen, as the newspapers show us, almost every year. Nothing is easier than the assumption of a new identity, particularly in a new country. To exist under a double identity is more difficult—sometimes full of countless perils. M. Randoce had come to New York as agent for the silk factory, leaving wife and children in France. Seeing something of life in the New World, he had insensibly drifted into theatrical society, where he became possessed with a mania to lead that kind of free and in some degree Bohemian existence altogether. For prudential reasons in connection with his business, he had already assumed the name of Foinard, and had, by the clever appliances of art, materially altered his personal appearance, so that he looked a much younger man than he really was. By degrees he heightened this change, learning the language perfectly, so that he lost his accent almost entirely, and dropping foreign manners and habits. He speculated in dramatic enterprises and made money. By accident he met Rose Aylmer, friendless and struggling hard. He discerned her talent and brought her out, and helped her to the high position she soon reached—and, unfortunately for both, almost before he knew it he fell in love with her. It was madness—he risked all, and married her. In a little while he saw the precipice on which he stood. Every steamer brought letters from his real wife in France, imploring to be sent for, threatening to come if he did not send. An idea occurred to him from something he saw in a newspaper—a daring scheme, but safe if skillfully carried out—and he determined to try it. He wrote for his wife and family, and met them when they landed. Apparently time had made him ten years older than when he left France, and he was a little crippled from an accident, and he had not yet learned the English language, but spoke with a strong nasal accent and had command of very few words. All this was of course acting. Taking his family by night to Slowton, they occupied, under the proper name of Randoce, the cottage he had rented there. And now began the dangerous drama of a double-life and deception which had finally so tragic an ending. Very little of his time he passed at Slowton, pretending to be occupied with the business of his agency, which kept him always on the move; but really figuring in New York as the theatrical speculator Foinard. When he disappeared at intervals from the city it was, as we knew, ostensibly to visit his fond old mother in the country; but in reality to spend a few hours with Madame Randoce, to keep her contented. The letter which had first excited her suspicions of a secret in his life was an anonymous one, written to him as Foinard, informing him of Leslie Thorne's nocturnal visits to his wife's bedroom. Leslie had been seen by some prying eye, I know not whose. The second letter, signed Foinard and making the threats, was of course written by Randoce in his assumed character, and intended for Leslie Thorne. The mystification which followed was only natural. When Madame Randoce came to town and visited Rose, she recognized her husband in the portrait, and with sure feminine intuition jumped at the fatal truth. She told Rose her story. Miss Aylmer's resolve was instantly taken. She determined to leave New York at once—to quit the stage—to begin another life where she was unknown. On the night preceding the duel, Madame Randoce having watched in vain for her husband all day, saw him by accident in the street on his way to the Grand Central Depot. Wild with jealousy—a maniac, if ever there was one—she followed, caught up with and stabbed him—and he died instantly, never knowing his assassin. The rest we know.

Leslie Thorne of course was acquitted. Madame Randoce, raving mad, was sent to an asylum, where she died. Mr. Buzenval, I believe, supports the younger children, and has also done something for the eldest, known to the reader as Mandolini. This young man, whose father came so near causing his frightful death, has since married the lady whose casual revelation of his real name on that occasion prevented that catastrophe—Miss Clara North. Mandolini is no longer in the profession. His former partner, the treacherous Zephyrini, fell from a trapeze not long ago, and perished miserably.

And Rose Aylmer? She is happy, I am glad to say—the wife of—whom do you say? Of Leslie Thorne, the lover of her youth. After her disappearance he searched with all the ardor which love inspires until he found her, and, with no unwillingness on her part, made her his own.

And what about Mr. Buzenval? That eminent man is still in good health, and continues to furnish the stage with his wonderful plays, which are always successful. Not long ago our friend O'Grady met him and asked if he had anything new on the stocks.

"A capital thing, sir," said the dramatist briskly, his bright eyes twinkling as of old behind the eyeglasses. "Three acts and twelve tableaux. I shall not produce it during my lifetime; it shall come out as a posthumous work. It is a story of stage-life, founded on those queer events you remember in the life of our friend Thorne."

"Indeed! What is your title?"

"THE GREEN CURTAIN."

THE END.

MY REAL TURKISH BATH.

Cairo is Oriental—therefore it is dirty; but it is also delightful. No pictures could be too bright of what we imagined the oath to be. My expectation of seeing beautiful women in Cairo had been woefully disappointed. They were exceedingly scarce in the streets; but we fancied the bath to be a sort of ladies' club, with marble halls, plashing fountains and soft-cushioned divans, on which dark-skinned houris reclined. My sister and I pictured to ourselves white-robed attendants gliding noiselessly about, amid a drowsy silence, and filled up our vision with chibouques, narghilis, sherbet, coffee and delicious perfumes.

One fine afternoon we called for Madame Ali Mahomet and her daughter-in-law, according to appointment. They came out veiled up to the eyes, the long black silk cloak drawn over their heads, and all the gorgeous apparel underneath carefully concealed.

We stopped at a narrow passage which led directly into the outer hall of the bath. It was a large, dilapidated court, roofed in with planks. In many places these had fallen away, letting in a flood of warm golden light, that, like charity, covered a multitude of the sins of which the place was guilty. But alas for our visions of marble halls, cushioned divans, and so forth! The interior of the bath could be compared with broad stone divans. These were covered with antiquated matting, apparently intended for the growth and protection of fleas. Intended or not, the fleas had taken advantage of such good cover to grow and multiply in a most alarming manner. A large stone bath, surrounded with seats, stood in the centre of the court. Women and children of all ages sat, lay or walked about in every possible stage of undress. The noise made by this crowd of women was something beyond description. However, bad as it was, it was nothing compared to an inner court, whither we presently penetrated.

But we were not left to observe "the manners and customs of the Egyptians" at our leisure. Wasseli and Hossua, our companions, gave us to understand that we must disrobe. We did as we were told; and I deposited my garments with a sigh on mats where the fleas were evidently playing leap-frog. In a short time our party was very little better off than "Malbrook's" regiment—*qui ne portait rien*. We were then provided with pattens, to prevent our falling on the wet, slippery floor. Not recognizing the fact that I did not know how to walk in pattens, I started off alone. As might have been expected, I nearly measured my length on the floor. However, I was solemnly held up by two attendants, and stumped away as well as I could into the next room. It was low, small, and octagonal in shape. The inevitable stone basin and seats were in the centre. When we came in, a number of old women and young girls were occupying the seats. In one corner of an alcove was a large water-trough, which was being filled with scalding water. We took in these preparations without understanding them very well. We had imagined "the bath" to be one of hot air, and not of hot water. We had no objection to be stewed by the former, but strongly disliked the idea of being boiled in a blanket.

The time was past, however, for us to decide for ourselves—we could only submit; but when attendants, arming themselves with palm-fibre and soap, proceeded deliberately to wash us in the above-mentioned water, it was almost more than flesh and blood could stand. We had but three Arabic words between us, none of which meant "cold." I frantically demanded *moir* (water). They granted my demand by saluting our shoulders with douches of the scalding water, till I almost felt as if my skin was peeling off me. I have ever since a fellow-feeling for that unfortunate blackamoor whom the master tried to wash white. Our attendants were quite pitiless. Eyes, nose, mouth, ears—everything was covered and filled with the stinging white soap which they used. If we resisted at all, an attendant from behind would suddenly overwhelm us with some of the water—a measure which, repeated several times, reduced us to complete passiveness. They might truly write up over that alcove Dante's motto over the gates of the "Inferno"—*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*

I was very much surprised at the wonderful fairness of the women I saw at the bath. There were hardly any beautiful ones among them, except perhaps, that doll-eyed, doll-like, thoroughly Eastern type of features; a broad, low forehead, slightly aquiline nose, and lips rather full. However, her beauty was rather spoilt by the loss of one eye—unfortunately, a most common event in the East. The rest of the women had but two claims to beauty—the peculiarity of their complexions, and, in general, the color of their hair. Their skin was of a peculiar white, devoid of a trace of color—the *teint mat* that is often so much admired. The wax-like skin contrasted beautifully with the color of their hair, a light brown, with golden *reflets* through it—the hair that Titian so painted sometimes. There were only a few women who had dark skins and dark hair, such as we had expected to see. Our dragoman's daughter-in-law, little Hossua, was charmingly pretty. She was very small—in fact, she seemed to have put all her growth into her eyes—immense gray, with black eyelashes about a yard long, more or less. Her skin was fair, but she had not that queer white look of some of the golden-haired women. They were, I should think, daughters of Circassians and Georgians, who are renowned for the whiteness of their skins.

After all the scalding was over, and my four tormentors had finished excoriating me with palm-fibre, they were again given leave to observe the rules of bathing. In parentheasis, I will say that the natural duskiness of my skin had given place to a lively crimson, like that of a boiled lobster. I wanted to reject my former enemies, the pattens. I was not allowed; so, in blind obedience, we shuffled back to our divan in the outer hall. Our companions proceeded to dress, dripping as they were. My sister and I, driven by necessity, stole some towels belonging, I think, to the next group. We were soon dressed and ready for the carriage; but we did not leave without some souvenirs in the shape of fleas.

Notwithstanding many little inconveniences, I was very glad I had gone, for it was one of the most picturesque scenes I ever beheld. The gray, dusty hall; the strange-looking figures, some reclining in a state of *nef*, greatly enhanced if not altogether produced by the cigarette between their lips; others sitting up and shrieking like Bedlamites; the little naked children crawling about on all-fours like pigs; and, lying languidly in through the broken roof; and, above all, the warm rays of the sun striking down on a group of fair brown-haired girls lounging beside the basin of water, made altogether a picture not easily to be forgotten.

The whole affair was a delightful, though in some parts rather painful, experiment. To any lady visiting Cairo in search of novel sensations, I should say: "Go to the bath." The physical sensations are certain. Never have I come across water so boiling, palm-fibre so hard, soap so stinging, and last, though not least, fleas of such size or with such strength of jaw. And as for novel mental sensations, of those she can herself be the only judge. I certainly never enjoyed anything more curious and interesting in the way of traveling adventure than my first and last visit to a Turkish bath.

FEUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO MISS FLORENCE D——.

When shall we meet, who parted on that day
When all was joy and gladness, and no care to drive away?
To day? To-morrow? Or will years too quickly fly
E'er we sing again in glorious strains "The Sweet By-and-bye?"
When shall we meet? While Summer roses lie
Beside our path and nestle over head?
Or later, when a leaden Winter-sky
Looks coldly on the empty garden-bed?
While youthful faith and hopefulness are ours,
Or only when our hair is growing gray?
Ah me! I may have done with earthly hours
Before it comes to me that happy day
What then? Let life's lone path be humbly trod,
And when and where we meet we leave to God.

F. SIDNEY STUART.

THE ACTRESS' DAUGHTER,
OR LOST IN THE STORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADAH M. HOWARD.

Lost in the heart of the beautiful city!
Only the angels kept watch of her form,
Only the angels smiled on her in pity—
Poor little wanderer, lost in the storm.

—ANNIE M. CURTIS.

The snow was drifting in blinding clouds through the busy city streets, sending pangs of bitter pain to the hearts of the homeless and destitute, and hailed with delight by the more favored children of fortune, who saw in it only a promise of good sleighing for the morrow. On this bitter Winter-night a strange and sad scene was being enacted in one of the most princely of all our grand Fifth-avenue mansions. The hour was rapidly approaching midnight, yet a brilliant flood of gaslight shone from out the drawing-room windows, where the mistress of this stately home—a woman young and beautiful, with a beauty enhanced by the sheen of costly silks and the glimmer of priceless gems—knelt at her husband's feet in an agony of supplication, her golden hair falling around her like a halo, and her slender jeweled hands clasped as if in prayer.

"Frank! O my love! can you not trust me?" she wailed. "My heart has never faltered in its fond allegiance. O Frank! how can you believe me untrue to you in word or deed? My husband, for our boy's sake ——"

A low, scornful laugh interrupted her, and Frank Adair spurned the suppliant figure with pitiless disdain, and, standing in the farthest corner of the room, replied:

"You plead well, madam, but your eloquence is thrown away on me. You ask me to trust you! How dare you mention our boy! my son, whom you have disgraced! Lillian Adair! you have destroyed my faith in womankind. When I entered this house to-night I loved you, Heaven alone knows how fondly. I had been absent for three days—a business journey—I pictured to myself the surprise my unexpected return would be to you; in fancy I felt the warm clasp of your arms, the fervent pressure of your lips, and saw the face I worshiped all alight with welcome. I noticed this room brilliantly illuminated as I approached the house, and, thinking to find you here, I entered unceremoniously. You were here, but not alone, a strange man was with you, his arm around you, his lips pressed close to your own. I grew blind at the sight, and sick, like a fainting woman. For a moment I knew nothing, and when I recovered myself the man had fled, and your false face was bent above me. You absolutely refuse to tell the name of your lover, and yet you dare kneel before me like a tragedy-queen, and beg me to trust you. Listen to me, Lillian. You have destroyed my hopes of happiness forever. You have disgraced the child who bears my name. I made you my wife when society laughed me to scorn for marrying the penniless daughter of an adventuress, a French adventuress of whose former history nothing was known. This is my reward. You have used my money, doubtless, to enrich the lover in whose embrace I found you to-night. What better could I have expected of the actress Hortense Delorme's daughter! Go to your lover! From this hour you and I are strangers. Neither by child shall be taught to forget your existence."

As these terrible words fell from the pitiless lips of her husband, Lillian Adair rose slowly to her feet, her beautiful face perfectly colorless, and her eyes dilated with a look of unutterable pain and horror. Adair still pointed towards the door, but Lillian, with one sudden wild cry, staggered, she tottered to his side, trying to speak, but only succeeding in giving utterance to a strange, wordless cry.

"Go, go, go!" he angrily reiterated, "base offspring of a vile mother! Go, and take with you the curse of the husband you have dishonored."

These words produced a startling effect. Lillian was no longer a suppliant. Her drooping, shivering form was drawn to its fullest height, the fair, proud face was calm as a mask of marble, the scarlet lips closely compressed, and the violet eyes looked almost black with the intensity of the emotion to which her husband's bitter words had given rise. She stood for a moment, erect and haughty as a young queen before him, and then her clear, sweet voice broke the silence:

"Some day in the future, Frank Adair, you will bitterly regret the words you have spoken to-night. You will seek me then and kneel at my feet, even as I have knelt at yours to-night, and crave my pardon. They came out veiled up to the eyes, the long black silk cloak drawn over their heads, and all the gorgeous apparel underneath carefully concealed.

"Go from my sight!" shouted Adair, half mad with the conflicting passions raging in his breast.

Lillian turned proudly from him, and, only waiting to wrap a dark cloak over her rich evening-dress, stole quietly out of the house, without even a parting kiss on the lips of her idolized boy.

"Heaven will give me strength to bear it, for your sake, my mother!" Lillian whispered as she passed down the steps of her husband's stately house, out into the storm and the darkness of the night, alone.

Weeks lengthened into months, and if Frank Adair suffered he gave no sign—only his haughty face grew more cold and stern, and white threads gathered among the dark-brown hair, that was not quite desolate while his boy was spared him. He loved his child with a passionate intensity rarely equaled, and in this little one's presence his face lost its look of sternness. One day, about a year after he had driven Lillian from his home, he was summoned from his banking-house to the bedside of his boy, who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

"My boy! O God! spare my boy!" was the cry that burst from the lips all unused to prayer, as Frank Adair bent over the couch of the little sufferer.

"Mamma! mamma! O papa! Frankie wants him's own petty mamma. Mamma, mamma, Frankie wants you *so* bad!" moaned the child, stretching out his plump arms as if to clasp the mother who could not respond to her darling's passionate appeal.

"Frankie, my boy! my darling! papa is with you. Will not papa's love suffice?" Frank Adair cried bitterly, kneeling to hide from the child's fast-chilling form of his only child; but till the last the sweet baby-voice called always for "mamma," and the pretty blue eyes, until blinded by the mists of death, turned wistfully towards the doorway, as if expecting that through its portals the loved one would enter. Heaven only knows what grief was in the stricken man's heart when he bent over the flower-decked casket in which they had laid his boy, and kissed for the last time the little waxen face, the soft, golden curls so like Lillian's, and the silent lips that had parted last in the vain cry for "mamma."

After the death of Mrs. Adair's house was as dreary as a tomb, and he sought a refuge from its loneliness in the club-rooms—and gay haunts frequented by his happier friends. Things went on in this way until four years had flown since he looked on Lillian's face; and one night, a bitter, cold night, when the snow was whirling round the street-lamps, and the wind whistling fast as it had done on that memorable night four years ago, Frank Adair was walking from his club towards his home, when his attention was attracted by the sight of a little child tottering along before him through the blinding clouds of snow. She was a tiny mite of a creature, and from beneath her faded woolen hood her golden-bright hair escaped, and glittered in the flickering light of the gas-lamps. Something in her size and walk and the sheen of her golden hair reminded this proud Fifth-avenue gentleman of his dead son, and, involuntarily quickening his pace, he reached the side of the little one just as she sank perishing in the snow.

"Poor baby! tell me where you live and I will take you home," he cried, clasping the tiny form to his breast, and noticing, with alarm, that the sweet baby-face was grown gray with the awful pallor of death.

"Penny, sir, a penny! Mamma is sick—and—Birdie is cold—oh, so cold!" the pretty lips faltered; and then, to his unutterable horror, the little form grew rigid in his arms, the golden head fell heavily on his shoulder, and Birdie was cold, indeed, in the embrace of death. Looking around him helplessly, wondering what he should do with the dead child, Mr. Adair was accosted by a ragged boy who had come flying around a street-corner, and, at sight of the burden in the gentleman's arms, cried out:

"Oh, mister! I've been a-lookin' for that little gal you've got there. She lives in our garret, an' her mother sent me to find her."

"Lead the way. I will carry her home," said Adair; and a few minutes later he stood within the miserable room where Birdie's mother lay ill on a wretched pallet of straw. "She is used to suffering. She will be glad that her child is released," he said to himself, seeming to forget that the poor have the same natural affection for their offspring as the rich, and almost. "Probably the woman was a drunkard," and with this thought came the feeling of resentment that caused him to exclaim, as he entered the bare and cheerless room and laid the little corpse upon the pallet beside her: "Unfortunate woman! behold your child!—the baby whom you sent out into the storm to die a bitter night is dead—dead! She will beg in the city streets no more."

Then throughout that miserable garret room there echoed a cry that Frank Adair never forgot, and Birdie's mother turned towards him a face the sight of which sent the light from his eyes, and almost robbed him of reason, or the power of motion. Yet once a beautiful face, despite the ravages of disease and poverty. The eyes were large and "deeply, darkly blue." The abundant silken hair glittered like gold in the flickering candle-light, while the wan, wasted features were perfect in their regularity.

"Lillian!" he gasped; and at the sound of his voice the woman raised him like an accusing spirit, pushing back the tangled masses of her bright hair, and lifting her eyes, all ablaze with the fires of despair, from the face of her dead child to his own.

"Yes, I am Lillian, You are Frank Adair, and there lies your child. You start and shudder, but you know I speak the truth. When Birdie was born, three months after you had driven me from your home, I wrote to you. I would have scorned to have asked aid from you for myself, but for your child it was different, and ——"

"I never read the letter; I burned it unopened," Adair groaned; but Lillian resumed, as if she had not heard him:

"You were deaf to the cries of a broken heart, and I was obliged to earn food for her as best I could, until now, when illness prevented me, and my baby—my darling!—stole from my side while I slept, and went out into the streets to beg for me, and to die in the snow perhaps at her father's door —— O God! Thou art not just!" and with this wild, impious cry, Lillian flung herself down beside her dead child in an agony of grief my pen is powerless to describe.

For a moment the form of Frank Adair was shaken by dry, tearless sobs that seemed to rend his very heart; and then he stretched forth his arms, as if to clasp the suffering woman to him and pillow her golden head on his breast, where she had slept so peacefully in the old, happy days; but at this moment there was the sound of heavy, shuffling feet on the uncarpeted stairs, and the door of the garret was thrown open to admit several rough-looking men, who carried between them the body of a man—a man who had once been singularly handsome, but whose swollen face, and soiled, tattered garments told their own story of poverty and dissipation.

"He died in a fit in Murphy's grog-shop, ma'am, an' we've brought him home," cried a rude, half-drunken fellow.

Frank Adair, turning his horrified eyes on the dead face, recognized the man in whose arms he had found his wife on that fateful night four years ago. It seemed that he was going mad. He had a dim recollection of seeing Lillian fling herself wildly on the body of the dead drunkard, and then he found himself in the street, dazed, stupid and only half conscious of his surroundings. He could never tell how he reached his home, where for many days he lay at the point of death, raving wildly of Lillian, now calling her by every endearing name—his fair, pure Lily, his golden-haired love, and again cursing her for a false, shameless siren who had broken his heart. When at last Frank Adair rose from that sick-bed, his most intimate friend would scarcely have recognized him. His brown hair had turned white as snow, his dark eyes were sunken, and he walked with his proud head bent, as if under the weight of shame.

Another year went by, and Frank had heard nothing of Lillian since he left her with her dead lover and the body of the child she had told him was his own. He tried to banish the memory of her from his heart, but, turn which way he would, the pearl-fair face and gold-crowned head haunted him. If he could see the grave close over that beautiful, false face, he would have been content; but to think of her living in poverty, perhaps sinking lower in sin and shame, was unendurable.

Once he sought the miserable tenement in which he had left her, intending to offer her an asylum in some distant country village, where she might live in seclusion and repent her sins; but she had gone from the place, leaving no trace of her whereabouts, and Frank went back to his desolate home in despair. He would go mad if he shut himself up to ponder over the past, so he mingled again with his friends, visiting places of amusement, and plunging into every sort of dissipation likely to drown these bitter memories. One night he accompanied his friends Evans and Hilton to a fashionable Broadway theatre, where crowds gathered nightly to witness the superb acting of a beautiful debutante, Mlle. Delorme.

"I tell you, Adair, La Petite Delorme is an enchantress! She sways her audience by the mystic power of her wondrous eyes, and holds them spellbound by the magic of her thrilling voice," said Evans enthusiastically, adding, as he saw the sneering smile that curved Frank Adair's lips: "Wait till you have seen her."

At this moment the orchestra struck up a noisy overture, and Frank sank wearily back in his chair, like one preparing to be bored, and trying to resign himself to his fate. After the overture the band played the air of a simple ballad, a song that Lillian and he had often sung together in the bygone twilight hours of a happier time. His stern face softened, a look of unutterable pain and yearning crept into his burning, weary eyes—he was back again in that dead past, Lillian was beside him in her bridal attire, fair as the angels, in her soft, white, gossamer robes, with the crown of orange-blossoms on her golden head, and the love-light burning in her violet eyes; he was aroused from his reverie by a burst of applause that seemed to shake the vast building to its foundation, and involuntarily he glanced towards the stage.

"Good God, Lillian!" he ejaculated, for the beautiful woman who stood in the centre of the stage, bowing an acknowledgment of the enthusiastic welcome thus accorded her, was Lillian Adair.

"Now, Adair, what do you think? Heavens, man! What is it? Your face is ghastly!" suddenly exclaimed Evans; and Adair excused himself on the plea of a sudden pain in his heart, to which he was subject, and, declining his friend's offer to accompany him.

At an early hour on the following day, while the beautiful actress was seated alone in her apartment in a quiet uptown hotel, a servant brought her the card of a gentleman who desired to see her. She glanced towards the bit of pasteboard hastily, but every vestige of color was blotted out of her pearl-fair face as she read the name—Frank Adair.

"Now, may Heaven give me strength to give back scorn for scorn!" she whispered, as the man who had driven her so coldly from his home stood before her. She saw how fearfully he was changed—his haggard face and whitened hair; but her beautiful, proud face did not soften.

"Lillian!" he cried, and she could see how his hands trembled as he held them out to her, but she stood like a statue, her golden head thrown back, and her hands clasped loosely before her.

"After this pleasure, Mr. Adair, to what happy circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" she asked with chilling hauteur.

And Adair cried passionately:

"O Lillian! is it thus you greet me? Can you not see how I have suffered? Is not my changed face and whitened hair sufficient evidence of the agony I have undergone? I was no longer the proud, Lillian; but even pride has given way at last. Ah, dear Heaven! how my heart has hungered for a sight of your face! Lillian, come to me; I cannot endure this parting longer."

He made a movement towards her as he spoke, but she retreated from him, her lovely face grown as pale as marble, her hands working nervously, but no sign of relenting in her deep blue eyes.

"*You* talk of suffering," she said scornfully. "You do not know the meaning of the word. *I* could teach you its full significance—I, whom you professed to love, and drove from your home at midnight, to perish in the storm. When Birdie lay dead I wrote to you, craving charity for your child, but you never heeded the piteous appeal, and only God knows how I struggled to keep life in her fragile frame, until the night when you found her, dying with cold and hunger, and brought her to me—dead." The musical voice faltered for a moment, then proud head drooped, and the slender form was shaken by dry, tearless sobs. Frank did not attempt to comfort her. The memory of the other scene he had witnessed that night dawned upon him, and again he saw Lillian prostrate herself on the body of her lover. "How did you leave me?" she resumed. "Ill, penniless, starving and alone with my dead—my child, and my unfortunate father."

"Your father! Good God! what are you saying, Lillian? Speak to me; I—I am going mad," Adair cried hoarsely; while Lillian coolly resumed:

"Yes, my father. He is dead now, and I need no longer hesitate to tell his story. My mother married him in Paris, where she was playing at the time. He boasted the blood of noble ancestry, being the younger son of an English peer; but he was miserably poor, and my mother was soon obliged to return to the stage; for when I, her only child, was two years old, she found herself reduced to poverty. My father seemed to have tired of his actress-wife, although she was a noble woman, worthy of a better man. He drank and gambled, living for years on the money my mother earned, and still neglecting her shamefully. At last he grew so utterly reckless that my mother threatened to leave him, and was on the morrow to take a higher night's engagement. An event occurred that materially changed her plans. My unfortunate father killed a fellow-creature in a gambling-saloon, and a price was set upon his head. With the aid of his noble wife, he was enabled to fly the country, and she it was who supplied him with the means of living honestly in his exile. We came to this country, my dear mother and I; and when I was seventeen years old, and you, Frank Adair, sought my hand in marriage, my mother bound me by a solemn vow never to betray that my father lived and was a criminal. On her deathbed she made me renew that vow, and from that hour my lips were sealed. I had not seen my father's face for years, when he, suddenly and without warning, presented himself before me on the night when you found me in his arms. I dared not break my vow to tell you the truth, and you drove me from your door. I found employment; but what I could earn was scarcely enough to support my self-indulgent father and this degraded father to whom I clung for my dear dead mother's sake ——"

Again Lillian's voice broke, and her form shook with passionate sobs. Frank threw himself at her feet.

"Lillian! pure angel! Dare I hope for your forgiveness? See, beloved! I am craving your mercy kneeling, as we must all kneel one day before the awful Judgment-seat ——"

"What mercy did you show me when *I* knelt as you kneel now? You heaped curses on my head, and reviled my sainted mother. I told you then this hour would come, and I would remember your cruel words. Rise, Frank Adair. You humble yourself in vain. I will never forgive you."

A few minutes later Frank Adair passed out of the hotel, looking like one who had received his death-blow, while Lillian waited until the door had closed upon him, then stretched out her arms with a passionate gesture towards his receding form, and, with his name on her lips, fell fainting to the floor. Who shall attempt to fathom the incomprehensible mystery of a woman's heart? *Three days* later Lillian's eyes fell upon an item in *The Herald*, the reading of which turned the warm blood to ice in her veins.

Frank Adair had been trampled beneath the feet of a runaway horse on Broadway, and when the paper went to press he was in a dying condition. Half an hour passed, and Lillian Adair was ascending the steps of the home from which she had been driven five years before. *He* was still alive, she ascertained; and, with pale face and wildly throbbing heart, she was ushered into the chamber of suffering herself beside him in an agony of regret, praying, as she had never prayed before, that he might live, and kissing with passionate fondness the rigid lips that could not respond to her caresses. Weary days followed, during which Frank's life hung upon the slightest thread, and Lillian never left his bedside. The manager of the Broadway theatre was furious, and threatened her with a lawsuit; but Lillian did not heed him—her place was by her husband's side; and when at last the danger was past, the doctor said earnestly:

"Madame, your careful nursing alone has saved him."

"No, no; only God has power to save," she answered gently, just as Frank opened his eyes, and, seeing the sweet face bent over him, said softly:

"Lillian, darling! it was all a dream! You will not leave me again?"

"Never again, my husband, until God calls me to Heaven! I sleep now, dear love. It was a cruel dream, but it is past, a new life opens before us from this hour," Lillian whispered, kissing the pale lips, now parted in a smile of ineffable joy and peace.

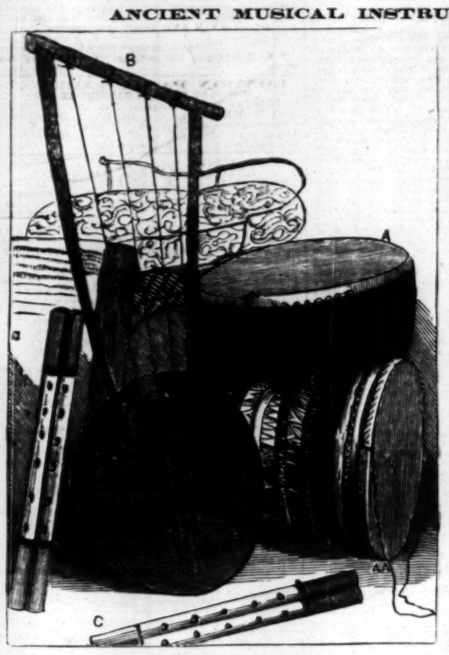
* * * * * *

Years have passed, and in all New York there is no happier home than that of Frank Adair and his beautiful wife. They have one pretty little dusky-faced daughter, who will, if you ask her name, toss her black-curled head proudly, and answer:

"I am named after my dear grandmamma, Hortense Delorme Adair."

This charming little autocrat is the idol of her loving parents' hearts, but they will never cease to regret the golden-haired little ones whom God called from them, and among Frank's carefully guarded treasures is the picture—painted from memory—of a baby-girl, in a faded woolen hood and torn frock, and poor little Birdie, who was "LOST IN THE STORM."

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



THE rude musical instruments, representations of which are here engraved, have been collected by modern travelers in the East, and are but little changed from the ancient forms. They form part of the collection of the Scriptural Museum, established some years ago in London, Eng. The drum or timbrel, marked A, is probably the same kind of instrument that Miriam used in leading the song of victory that the Israelites sang after the overthrow of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. It is made of thin-baked clay, something in the shape of a bottle, with parchment stretched over the wider part, and on being struck with the fingers it makes a remarkably loud sound. B represents one of the numerous forms of the harp so often alluded to in Biblical history. The figure of a harp is found delineated on Egyptian monuments from the earliest ages. The Celtic bards held it in greatest honor: and, although it has disappeared in Scotland, it is still in use in Wales, and lingers to some extent in Ireland, where from former prevalence it is adopted as a national symbol. The lute (C) bears a near resemblance to the double-pipes of the Greeks, and is very different from the lute most familiar to us, which is a stringed instrument, supposed to have been invented by the Arabs. The drum (AA) is still in use in the East. In construction it is similar to the timbrel. Drums like these, but made out of hard wood and parchment, are still used by many African tribes.

LITTLE ACCIDENTS,
And How to Deal With Them.

SWALLOWING COINS.—If the coin is swallowed, there is seldom any danger. The best thing to do is to take a slight aperient, and in all probability it will pass away all right. If it enters the windpipe, medical aid should immediately be sought, and the only thing that could be done would be to seize the individual by the legs and hold him upside down, and strike him violently on the back, when it may be coughed up.

CROCHET-NEEDLES, ETC., IN THE FLESH.—If possible, send the sufferer to a surgeon. With proper instruments he can take it out without much pain. If this is not possible, make a certain push with the hook and then put an ivory hodkin, or any similar article, down the w

ER SERIES, NO. LIX.

JONES

COUNT JOANNES.

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Walnut-street Theatre,
as the original Claude
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r at a quarter before 7.
DRURY LANE.
e friends of literature and

MERICAN TRAGEDIAN.
IDAN KNOWLES has in
en the aid of his valuable

DAY, JUNE 4, 1836,
erform Shakespeare's tragic-
T.
.....Mr. Diddear
.....Mr. George Jones
e York, his first appear-
theatre.
ond Actor....Mr. Turnour
rst Gravedigger,
.....Mr. Bartley
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.....Mr. Hughes
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.....Mr. Cooper
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AY
ARTOIS.
rquis.....Mr. H. Phillips

T WIFE!
.....Mr. W. Farren
with numerous beauties
EGE OF ROCHELLE.
.....Miss Shirreff
.....Mr. H. Phillips

ERS.
the new opera.
ARTOIS.
.....Madame Malibran
or of entertainments.
grand tragedy.
ARTOIS
.....Madame M.
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ARTOIS,
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nscience if I could

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

He is a teacher of music;
He came from across the seas;
His hands they are white and taper,
And lightly they rest on the keys.
A teacher of music, poetic,
With a chevalier air and dash,
Possessed of the sweetest of voices,
And a really distracting moustache.

She is a trustful pupil,
Bright-eyed and quick to blush,
Believing in every promise
Which glorifies maidenhood's flush.
Her lips are like redolent roses,
Her cheek is as fresh as the peach,
And the charm of the sweetest music
Dwells in her innocent speech.

Seated before the piano,
While her teacher close by her side,
She reads the music intently
While he looks on with pride.
Is this the science of music?—
'Tis puzzling to understand,
How the pupil can play the piano
While the teacher imprisons her hand.

Ah, more than the art of music
Has the teacher taught the maid;
He has touched a chord which never
On any piano was played;
He has wakened a melody sweeter
Than springs from the realm of art—
He has run the scale on the key-board
Of this truthful maiden's heart.

I'M GOING HOME AGAIN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOHNNY HALLETT BY J. D. NEPPERT JR.

'Twas way down in Georgia, many years ago,
Dis darky he first saw de light of day;
I was happy as a king, no trouble did I know
'Till I left my home to trabel far away.
I'm getting ole an' gray, I can barely see the way,
An' my body am achin' all wid pain;
I'll do de best I can, an' bless de happy day
When I gaze upon my little cot again.
I'm going home again,
I'm going home again.
(Chorus.)—We will meet you, we will greet you, Uncle Joe.
I'm going home again.
(Chorus.)—We will watch and wait for you, Uncle Joe.
Yes, I'm going home again,
An' never more will roam;
I'll stay down in ole Georgia,
In my good ole home.

Oh, de happy days we passed in my little cot
Am still fresh in my memory to-day;
De banjo's sweet sound was heard all around,
While de darkies all sang de time away;
Ole massa he was kind; alas! dey say he's gone,
An' he dwells wid de angels above;
I'd like once more to see de place whar I was born,
An' be happy among de ones I dearly love.
I'm going home again.
(Chorus.)—We will meet you, we will greet you, Uncle Joe.
I'm going home again.
(Chorus.)—We will watch and wait for you, Uncle Joe.
Yes, I'm going home again,
An' never more will roam;
I'll stay down in ole Georgia,
In my good ole home.

THE DRAMATIST OF THE DAY.

All brainwork is exhausting. You never met a newspaper reporter, for instance, who was not yearning for rest and lager. Editors generally are tired out, and that is perhaps why they accept free tickets to shows, so that they may recuperate their wasted energies. Poets, too, are invariably tired, and the poorer their verses the more exhausted they are. But of all the laborers in the brain-vineyard, no class is so overtasked as the dramatist of the day. If anybody doubts this assertion, let him study the accompanying illustration drawn from life. Here you behold the weary worker in the midst of his toil. He is preparing a society play, which is to be purely American and entirely original. The characters, so far as outlined, consist of a German musician, an Italian villain, a French marquis, and a young wife who is more beautiful than discreet. There will be a divorce and a broken engagement and a good deal of love-making. He is meditating upon that now—the love-making. It was always one of his favorite themes. If you could see the inside of his head you would behold great drops of perspiration rolling down his brain. That is what takes the vim out of a man. Mere manual labor—digging in a sewer or laying pavements or breaking stone—is nothing when compared with play-writing. And as we have said, this is to be an entirely original production. To be sure, there is a story somewhat similar, which has been translated from the French, and a copy of that story the dramatist now holds in his hand. But he is not founding his play upon the novel. Oh, no. He is merely satisfying himself of the truth of the saying that great minds run in the same channel. Gazing upon this pale-faced, sunken-eyed, miserable-looking wretch, surrounded as he is by the unmistakable evidences of privation and poverty, others ought to profit by the sight and take a solemn oath never to write a play.

THE LOVELIEST OF FLOWERS.

Song-and-dance.

WRITTEN BY PETE CANNON AND DEDICATED TO DELEHANTY AND HENGLER.

[Stage set with flower-garden in background, and practicable rosebud opposite both R. and L. entrances. Introduction very piano first, then forte. At beginning of introduction, second time, rosebuds open, displaying each song-and-dance man in graceful attitude.]

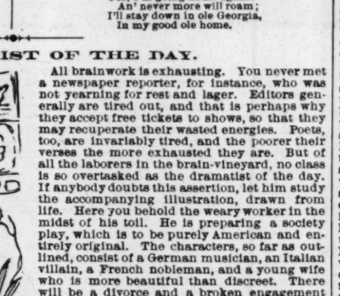
SONG.

For our abrupt appearance here we humbly beg your pardon,
But must know that we reside in this pretty little garden;
We go to sleep in yonder buds as soon as daylight closes—
We are peculiar in our tastes and dearly love the roses.
Chorus.—We're always gay and sprightly. *(Break.)*
And we meet two maidens nightly. *(Break.)*
And so joyfully we spend the pleasant evening hours,
With Lillian and her sister Maud, the loveliest of flowers.

Last night we sat together, feeling happy and contented—
We asked them if they'd marry us, and quickly they consented;
We bought the wedding-rings, and soon these darlings will be ours,
And happiness will reign supreme among our pretty flowers.
Chorus.—We're always gay, etc.

And now we'll say good-evening, but we hope again to meet you,
And when we do, with something new we'll try our best to treat you;
We'll just be in the humor then to show our greatest powers,
For then we will be married to the loveliest of flowers.
Chorus.—We're always gay, etc.

"THE DEAD SECRET."



It is one of the unanswerable conundrums of this world why a pretty woman should be possessed of a wicked nature. Why such goodness were only synonomous, things would move along as smoothly as could be desired—but, alas, for the morality of beauty. This applies directly to the opera-bouffe, a scene from which is herewith presented for your approval. The lovely, the vivacious, the voluptuous Nevine, with her sin, so divinely, and whose eyes are enough to drive the young men in the front seats to an untimely grave, this beautiful creature, not content with winning the hearts of all the masculine characters in the piece, is moved by sheer devil genius to exterminate the whole crowd. She appears in her world-famous wine song, the chorus of which is sung to the clinking of the glasses. In her own luxurious apartments—you do not see much of this luxury, because the view is limited—she is awaiting the arrival of her four lovers. It is evident that there are four of them, because that is the number of champagne glasses on the table, while the lady holds her own glass in her hand. When these four unfortunate gentlemen arrive, with them all in a bunch, the naughty heroine seats them, two on either side of the gorgeously decorated armchairs which adorn the stage. Then she tells them that an old admirer of hers has that day sent a case of very rare wine, which she desires them to sample ["Sample" is not the word she uses, but it answers our purpose as well as any other]. Of course the lovers are anxious to taste the wine, and therefore the naughty, naughty heroine fills four of the glasses with poison and one, which she takes herself, with champagne. Then they all stand up and sing a rollicking song, in which they join hand so long as they get enough to drink to-night they don't give a trade-dollar for to-morrow, and after the song they stretch themselves out, one after another, and die. Horrible, isn't it? The title of this opera is "The Dead Secret," although we don't intend to palm 'er off as new. The secret of it lies in the poison; and as for the dead, the four lovers furnish quite enough of that.

YOU KNEW IT NOT.

One night, when quiet was his gout,
A husband old and shy
Resolved to tell his wife about
The days when he was spry.
"Quite often pretty girls I'd spark,
Together we would plot
To join in pleasant little lark—
And yet you knew it not.

"I loved the short girls and the tall,
And they did dote on me;
I'd palm myself upon them all
As single man to be.
Some called me for my dyed moustache,
Some for a house and lot,
Others because I had the cash—
And yet you knew it not.

"Do you remember, now, the friend,
That lady friend so true,
Who came from Brooklyn just to spend
A week or so with you?

My treason may have been unjust:
We two were in the plot
To take advantage of your trust—
And yet you knew it not.

"Do you remember, too, the day
I bundled my valise
And told you I must haste away
On quite important biz?
You thought me gone a day or more,
Did not see through the plot;
I spent all of that time next door—
And yet you knew it not.

"I have confessed, though rather late,
My little failings few;
And were you not a silly mate
To think me fond and true?"
To which the old wife added that
'Twas he who was the sot—
"I always gave you tit-for-tat,
And yet you knew it not."

A. P. KNUTT.

"MAN AND WIFE."

In selecting a title for a play authors aim to choose one which has never been used before; otherwise their copyright, so far as the title is concerned, becomes void. When a piece bearing the name of the caption of this article was produced in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city, in 1870, achieving a success, it was generally supposed that the title was original. Yet it was not, for on March 14, 1792, "Man and Wife, or the Shakespeare Jubilee," was acted in the John-street Theatre, this city; and another "Man and Wife"—Arnold's comedy—was first played in this city at the Park Theatre May 5, 1809. The latter piece was repeated in the Park Theatre Jan. 2, 1819, and of that performance we append a copy of the bill. It was subsequently acted many times; and during a star engagement, at the same theatre, of the late Mrs. Mowatt, supported by the late E. L. Davenport, which commenced Sept. 28, 1846, it was played with Mrs. Mowatt as Helen Worrett and Mr. Davenport as Charles Austencourt. "The Secret Mine" was originally acted in America Jan. 2, 1819, of the persons who appeared at the performance referred to in the appendid bill, none probably survive. The places and dates of their demise are annexed to their respective names: Harry George Moreland, this city, June 18, 1832; John Graham, no record; Edmund Simpson, July 31, 1848; Thomas Kilner, who had made his American debut on the 12th of the previous December, Wilmington, Ind., Jan. 2, 1862; Hopkins Robertson, this city, Nov. 10, 1819 [This gentleman was attached to the Richmond, Va., Theatre, at the time of its destruction by fire, Dec. 26, 1811, and was instrumental in saving many lives]; John Barnes, Halifax, N. S., Aug. 28, 1841; James Pritchard, this city, Jan. 31, 1823; Mr. Hopper, no record; Mrs. Charlotte Baldwin, afterwards Mrs. Walstein, this city, April 21, 1856; Miss Ellen Augusta Johnson, subsequently Mrs. Hilson, New York City, April 2, 1837; Miss Catherine Leesugg, subsequently Mrs. J. H. Hackett, Jamaica, L. I., Dec. 4, 1845; Mrs. Wheatley, this city, July 18, 1872; John Johnson, this city, Oct. 25, 1819; Mr. Bancker, after marrying a sister of Mrs. E. Simpson, died about 1827; Mr. Parker, this city, Dec. 23, 1858; Mrs. Parker, no record; Mr. Garner, Baltimore, Md., in 1843; Robert Maywood, who made his American debut Jan. 4, 1819, Troy, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1856.

THEATRE
SECOND NIGHT OF THE SECRET MINE.
ON SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 2, 1819,
will be presented the comedy of
MAN AND WIFE.

Lord Austencourt	Mr. Moreland
Sir Rowland Austencourt	Mr. Graham
Charles Austencourt	Mr. Simpson
Sir Willoughby Worrett	Mr. Kilner
Faulkner	Mr. Robertson
Ponder	Mr. Barnes
Cornelius O'Dedimus	Mr. Pritchard
Williams	Mr. Hopper
Lady Worrett	Mrs. Baldwin
Helen Worrett	Miss Johnson
Fanny	Miss Leesugg
Tiffany	Mrs. Wheatley

To which will be added (for the second time in America) the grand romantic melodrama of
THE SECRET MINE,
written by J. Fawcett, Esq., author of "Perouse," "Three-fingered Jack," etc. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for upwards of one hundred nights, with unbounded applause. With new scenery, dresses, decorations, etc. Scenery designed and executed by Messrs. Holland, Robins and assistants.

PERSIANS.

Ismael, the Governor	Mr. Robertson	Persian Officers, Soldiers, etc.	Parker, Baldwin, Graham, etc.
Assad	Mr. Johnson		
Sali	Mr. Barnes	Zaphyra	Mrs. Barnes
Nasrod	Mr. Moreland	Zobeide	Miss Leesugg
Dimdim, a Chinese slave	Mr. Barnes	Camilla	Mrs. Parker
		Amazonians, etc.	

HINDOOS.

Araxa	Mr. Simpson	Duban	Mr. Garner
Ryder	Mr. Pritchard	Zelerno	Mr. Goll
Abbas	Mr. Hopper	Blue Officers, Soldiers, etc.	

The public is respectfully informed that MR. MAYWOOD of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is engaged for a few nights, and will make his first appearance on Monday.

LENORA IS DEAD.

DEDICATED TO ROBERT McKAY. BY JOHN T. RUTLEDGE

Lenora is dead, and the willows' soft shade
Softly falls o'er the mossy green mound,
While the birds sing above tender songs
Where the roses bloom sweetly around;
And I miss her each day as the hours drag away,
And I sit down and weep by her grave cold and deep,
For Lenora, Lenora, is dead.

Lenora, my darling, my poor heart is sad;
Come back again from the sky;
Nothing is left me to make the earth glad—
Lenora, oh! why did you die?
I am weary at heart, and the bitter tears start
As I wander about all alone;

For Lenora has gone to a far brighter morn,
And she's left me in sorrow to moan.
She's as angel, I know, freed from sorrow and love,
In that beautiful home in the sky;
I would like to be there with Lenora so fair—
Lenora, love, why did you die?

Chorus.—Lenora, my darling, etc.

Could she come back again, all my sorrow and pain
Would vanish away like a dream;
But she'll come never more from the cold, colorless shore,
For the stars on her grave softly beam;
And the sweet birds of Spring o'er her grave softly sing,
For they know that her spirit has fled;
And they sing as I weep where her form lies asleep,
For Lenora, Lenora, is dead.

Chorus.—Lenora, my darling, etc.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL."

A new drama, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled as above, received its first representation in London, Feb. 25, at the Olympic Theatre, and met with failure. *The Sunday Times* says of it: "A woman is of course the cause of the sufferings of the ne'er-do-weel. After winning the heart of Maud Callender and losing reciprocally his own, Jeffrey Rollestone finds himself separated, as it seems, forever from the girl that he loves and left without a hope or an aim in life. He is in reality, though a gentleman, a poor-spirited creature, energetic by spurts, but apt to yield to any passing whim. Instead, accordingly, of keeping 'a stiff upper-lip' and following ever the woman who loves him, and is sure, in spite of all obstacles, to be his, Jeffrey takes to drinking and gambling. From low to lower he falls, until, when first seen on the stage, he is a disreputable vagabond, at sight of whom any cautious butler would immediately look after his master's spoons. The manner of his introduction is curious. Gerald Seton has taken farewell of pretty Jessie O'Hara, who is going to London. In so doing he has disabused her mind of the notion that he loves her, the idea the girl was justified in holding, since she had for some time past maintained a correspondence with him. Gerald might, indeed, have prided to the love she is accustomed to inspire but for the fact that, as his father's estates are mortgaged beyond their value, he is compelled to marry an heiress. He has, accordingly, cast his eyes upon Miss Callender, the heroine of poor Jeffrey's romance. As yet he has not raped well in his wooing. For Maud Callender he is sketching a ruined mill, and he is wanting a figure to place in the foreground. Jeffrey comes up, looking highly picturesque in his rags, and is asked to sit. He accepts, and in the conversation which follows, while his portrait is being taken, painter and model find out that they have been at school together. Thoroughly interested in his recovered acquaintance, Gerald Seton persuades him to accept the post of secretary to Mr. Seton, and provides him with clothes and all requirements for making a satisfactory debut. The first act, in which these things are shown, ends when Jeffrey and Maud Callender are presented to and recognize each other. In the second act the regeneration of the ne'er-do-weel is complete. He is in all respects a model servant to Mr. Seton, and he entertains an absurdly exaggerated idea of the worth of the service that has been rendered him by that gentleman, an idea, however, it may be added, that is shared by Mr. Seton. When, accordingly, his employer, after confiding to him that he is on the brink of ruin, asks him to win for him Geraldine, the hand of Maud Callender, Jeffrey feels compelled to do this. He proceeds, accordingly, greatly to the young lady's disgust, to plead the cause of another man, instead of his own. His vicarious wooing is unsuccessful, but he conquers in his own person, since he receives an open avowal from Maud that she loves him still. For a time he yields to the delight this confession begets. He is true, however, to the mission of self-sacrifice he has accepted, and goes so far as to take upon himself the suspicion of having been the recipient of Jessie O'Hara's love-letters, when the fact that that young lady has written some compromising letters is brought to light. His motive in doing this is to screen Gerald from the suspicions of Miss Callender. His generosity, so far from receiving its proper recognition, is wholly misunderstood, and the man who has sacrificed more than his life sees himself regarded as a traitor. Gerald has, however, met Jessie in London, and has married her, and Mr. Seton has dropped into a rich marriage. All further merit upon Jeffrey's self-denial is accordingly over, and Maud and he are again affianced. In this sketch we have left out two comic scenes. The first occurs when Quilt, Jeffrey's predecessor as secretary to Mr. Seton, and a rival of Gerald for the affections of Jessie, enters negligently the house during the attention of W. Mills, revived considerably, and was able to hold his own, sticking doggedly at Lewis' heels, whereupon the latter steadily and resolutely being reaped to his fate. At 7.12 P. M. Lewis retired for a short time, and while he was off the track Howes once more increased his lead to a mile and a half. When Lewis came out again he took only up at a snail's pace, so that after about half a mile further he pulled up again, leaving Howes in sole possession of the track. After this the whole thing became a procession. Lewis, seeing he had no chance for first prize, did not care to exert himself, and at 7h. 52m. Owen Hancock was passed in turn by Vaughan, Ide, and his brother Arthur; but here it was noticeable that Lewis, who had been taking things very quietly, was gaining ground fast, although he was not making anything like so much as the majority on the track. Things went on with little variation until nine o'clock, except that Howes, who had been gaining ground every lap, was now a mile in front of the field, and thus early it appeared that if he could keep on his legs for the next twelve hours he would be difficult to beat. Vaughan was walking splendidly, but he did not look as if he were capable of much spurting, and it was evidently only by dint of great exertion that he kept his position among the leaders. Arthur Hancock and George Ide finished 20 miles a lap in front of Vaughan, while the latter stopped for a few seconds they gained another lap, and, despite the most strenuous efforts, he could not again get away from them. Vaughan's time for 30 miles was 9h. 10m. 30s., or 55sec. faster than he walked the same distance in the twenty-four hours' competition (which he won) last May. The frequent spurts which Vaughan made appeared to distress him considerably, and it was evident that he was in difficulties. Howes, too, about 8 o'clock looked as if he would need a rest, but he stuck on the track with dogged perseverance, and by-and-bye grew stronger; meanwhile, Lewis, whose chance overnight had been ridiculed by a few of the knowing ones, had succeeded in working into fourth place. At 9.36 A. M., when he had walked 68 miles 5 laps, and passed Vaughan. At 9h. 25m. 20s. Crossland retired for a short time, having then walked 65 miles 1 lap. Soon afterwards, too, Vaughan went into his tent, looking used up, amidst general surprise, and it was afterwards proved that he had overreached himself, whereupon, on the advice of his friends and Bill Lang, he determined to give up. Between one and two o'clock there were only five men on the track. Howes finished his 90th mile only two miles in front of Lewis, who was a mile in front of Arthur Hancock. From this point the feature was the marvelous walking of Lewis, who looked fresher than any of the men on the track. Repeatedly he would pass Howes, and then dash past him with a spurt, a proceeding that seemed to annoy the veteran. Howes walked his hundred miles in 16h. 11m. 20s. Dr. F. J. Mackinnon announced Vaughan totally unfit to proceed further, and wrote out a certificate to the effect that the Cestrian was suffering from a strained and painful condition of the muscle of his left leg at the back, also stating as a reason that he thought Vaughan had probably overgeached himself in a spurt. There was now nothing worthy of note to chronicle beyond the intense excitement manifested by the spectators, who, towards the evening, began rapidly to pour into the building. It was a race between Howes and Lewis for first prize, and between Hancock and Crossland for third, but the former two were a long way in front. Lewis finished his 100 miles in 18h. 38m. 35s., and at 9h. 36m.—or 19h. from the start—the order of the men was as follows: Howes, 103 miles, first; Lewis, 101, second; Owen Hancock, 92, third; Courtney, 89 3 laps, fourth; Crossland, 89, fifth; the rest having given up. Crossland made some spurting between Courtney and Crossland and Lewis and Howes between five and six o'clock, Lewis evidently having received orders to force the pace. When Howes, in 21h. 11m. 15s., had a mile and five laps ahead, Lewis dashed up alongside, and passed Howes with the greatest ease. The excitement now was immense, for after all it looked as if the youngster would pull through successfully. For an hour Lewis struggled on manfully, overlapping Howes several times, and all interest in the race was centred in the pair. After this, however, Howes, who had been commanding the attention of W. Mills, revived considerably, and was able to hold his own, sticking doggedly at Lewis' heels, whereupon the latter steadily and resolutely being reaped to his fate. At 7.12 P. M. Lewis retired for a short time, and while he was off the track Howes once more increased his lead to a mile and a half. When Lewis came out again he took only up at a snail's pace, so that after about half a mile further he pulled up again, leaving Howes in sole possession of the track. After this the whole thing became a procession. Lewis, seeing he had no chance for first prize, did not care to exert himself, and at 7h. 52m. Owen Hancock was passed in turn by Vaughan, Ide, and his brother Arthur; but here it was noticeable that Lewis, who had been taking things very quietly, was gaining ground fast, although he was not making anything like so much as the majority on the track. 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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the law, postage stamps of the United States and Canadas, must be pre-paid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending Mon., March 18.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. J. (of Allen Sisters)
Ashley, Olga (7)
Allyne, Kittie
Atherton, Alice (actress)
Allen, Georgie
Boyd, Nellie
Blande, Edith (2)
Bennett, Julia (2)
Britto, Emma (2)
Brown, Lottie (vocalist)
Baconbbe, Laura
Bertha, Millie (song-and-dance)
Bisdell, Mrs. Julia F.
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bertha, Mlle (Wild Bradley, Leanora
Bc.
Chase, Lola
Chapironeer, Leonia
Charles, Meroe
Cushing, Bella
Carlton, Lizzie
Carlisle, Ida
Crabtree, Lotta
Cooke, Ellen sc.
Caverly, Mrs. Maggie
Coleman, Alice (with Berger Fam.)
Daly, Polly (vocalist)
Douglass, Fannie (vocalist)
Dixon, Blanche
Edwin, Lina
Erne, Nellie
Estelle, Kate
Elberta, Kittie B.
Franxini, Adele (4)
Fox, Annie (3)
Freeman Sisters
Fenwick, Grace
Fletcher, Lizzie &c.
Goss, Mrs. Jos. (2)
Golden, Mary
Gaston, Maude
Howard, Adah M.
Hatch, Mrs C.A. H.
Harlow, Rose
Harding, Mad. Rosa
Hindle, Annie (3)
Harvey, Kate
Hubsch, Johanna
Ifferd, Celia
Kimberley, Bessie
Kaul, Georgie
Lang, Ione
LeClair, Maggie (of Pastor's Co.)
Lavarre, Mrs. F.
Lee, Frankie
Lauretta, Millie
Montague, Annie (of Boston Co.)
Martelle, Millie
Madin, Mr. Julia
Matthews, Mrs.
Lauretta
Montrose, Kate
McDermott Sisters
Mansfield, Alice (p. o.m London, Eng.)
Newton, Stella
Nault, Juliet (2)
Nesbit, Mrs. Miss Octavia, Mrs. (Cavellon) (2)
Orton, Irene
Phillips, Amy
Lizzie (2)
Pendy, Mrs. John Sr.
Prescott, Marie
GENTLEMENS' LIST.
Gurr, Harry
Gibson, Frank (advance agent)
Gorman, Hunter (of Wallack's Co.)
"G. E. D."
Hanson, Frank
Hodges, D. B.
Hanessen, Wm.
Hughes, T. C.
Hume, Dick
Harris, Chas.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Hawkins, D. R. (2)
Harris, Billy (of Pastor's Co.)
Hogan, J. R. (of Pastor's Co.)
Hess & Al. Mlesse, Jerry
Hough, W. H.
Hart, Jay
Hall, E. M.
Hall, John (of Di Murska's Co.)
Haverly, Alfred
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.
Hedges, Thos.
Hunter, J. W.
Hall, Chas. A.
Henri, Hi
Hall, Jack
Hassel, Frank
Hyde, J. M.
Hughes, Mr. (of Foster & Hughes)
Homer, G. (of Homer & Holly)
Howard, John
Hutchings, Richd.
Johnson, Sr., Geo.
Jones, Edward J.
Jefferson, Joe
Jones, Arnold
Jones, T. V.
Jukes, Prof. W. L.
Jones, Frank
Jones, Frank (of Black Hand Co.) (2)
Jennings, J. W
Jones, Jim (of Barnum's Circus)
Kendall, H. A.
Kine Bros.
Kennel to Nile
Kearney, J. (of Kearney & Moran)
Kent, Julian
Kersten, Jas.
Keene, Chas. A.
Lenton Bros.
Lorenzo, The
Locke, E. A.
Landis Bros.
Lotto, Fred (2)
Lasalle, Joe
Lovella, W. H.
Laiscelle, Lyman
Lapelle, J. C. (2)
La Clede, W. (manz- and-dance)
Leonzo & Ryan
Leavitt, J. B.
Lytell, W. C.
Lee, J. H. (of N. O Minst.)
Leopold, Sieg. (2)
Lang, Joe
Lewis, Frank
La Rue, Charles (clown)
Lockhart, — (one-arm man)
Lavette, C. O. (late of Baltimore)
Lymand, John (comedian)
Leveille, Alfred
La Roche, Louis
Lyons, H. P. (agent)
(2) Bc.
Lowlow, John (clown)
Lennox, G. J. (of Dup & Ben. Min.)
Marney, C. (trombonist)
Morgan & Welch
Mullen & Mager
"Manager Bell-Ringer" (4)
McSorley, Thos.
Macconnah, Thos. (of Callender's Min.)
Mestager, W. L.
Malsch, H. W.
Marten, Harry & Minnie
Mitchell, W. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
McWade, Robt.
Martin, Sam song-and-dance
Melville, Chas.
Mackley, Fred. J.
Murphy & Mack (2)
Messenger, Jas.
Magee, Clem
McCready, Jas. H.
McGinty, Chas.
Morse, J. T.
Muigro, Charlie
Murphy, Jos. (comedian)
Mayo, Frank
Meldon, Percy (2)
Mack Kenyon and dog "Sir")
Morosco Family
Manager of "Midgette"
Moulton, Jas. G.
Morosco, Frank
Mullen & Mack
Mack, F. (of Murphy & Mack)
McGlone, Pete
Noyes, A. C.
Nanking, Chas.
Newton, Chas. E.
Nash, Dan
Osborne, Harry
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, (circus "biz")
O'Reardon, Prof.
Owen, J. W. 18c.
Omohondro, J. B. 18c.
Ogden, J. E.
Pickens, Willis
Pardo, J. W
Pleasants, Charlie
Perry, J.
Permiton, Chas.
Parento, Harry
Palmer, John
Pastor, Tony
Peck, Chas. H.
Peters & Mlle. LeEtua, Gus (2)
Parsons & Sisson
Primrose, Geo. H.
Richards, Geo. (cannon ball "biz")
Reynolds, Barney
Richmond, Harry (of Pastor's Co.)
Reynolds & Walling
Rice, Wm. H.
Rowe, Dick
Rapier, John (2)
Roberts, Sol
Rogers, John R.
Raynor, John (bell "biz")
Ruben, L. M.
Robinson, Jas. (equestrian)
Reed, Lee Sc.
Richmond, Jas.
Rice, Co. J. H. 3c.
Smith, W. L. (of Smith & Bell)
Stowe, Will H. (2)
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Sevalla, Chas.
Sheehan & Jones
Sullivan & Harrington
Sherman & Jones
Sebastian, Sig.
Sparks Bros.
Seely, Carlos (late with Orrin Bros.)
Stuebgen, Prof. F
Spaulding, W. F.
Sparks, Thos. H.
Sanford & Wilson
Stanley, Billy
Stone, D. (of Stone's Circus)
Sherwood, Benson
Shirley, Harry
Simons, C. C. (of Pastor's Com. Co.)
Shay, John
Sherman, W. H (agent)
Smith, A. T (of Coliseum, Baltimore)
Smith, Fred. O.
Shipley, Harry
Stanley, Harry L.
Stevens, R. E.
Stanley, Harrison Sullivan & Darcy 6c.
Stone & Bronson
Shaw, Lon
Swain, S. C.
Tyrrell, Wm. B. (4)
Tucker, J. A.
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Terville, Mr. & Mrs.
Thorn, Jas. (of Bonnie Meyer's Co.)
Thompson, Fen
Tuthill, W. F. (dealer)
Virash Bros
Vere, Geo. W.
"Variety Manager"
Williams, Sam B.
Wilson, Geo. C.
Wing, Chas. A.
Washburn, Leon
Wilson, Jno. (2)
Watson, F. (gymnast)
Wood & Beasley (2)
Williams, Gus (3)
Warner, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co.) (2)
Wilson, Neal
Weston, Geo.
Williams, Fred. B.
Winans, "biz")
Wiley, Billy
Warrick & Layton
Woods, J. H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Walters, Thos. (of Wagner's Minst.)
White, Geo. (minst. "biz")
Wood & West
Woods, Geo. W. "Bones"
Wolf & White, Wm.
Westenford, Bob (candy "biz")
Williams, Jno. (of Hancock City, Kan.
Walton, W. J. (2)
Wilson, M. (of Wilson & Gorman)
Wood, W. (of Wood & Beasley)
Woodward, Jas.
"X. Y. Z." (2)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Wm. Emerson, of Emerson's Minstrels; Chas. Hunt, of Holbrook's Bell Ringers; Mr. McEvoy, Emelie Melville Derby, Capt. M. Bates, Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Chas. Turner of Opera Troupe; Lester Lenox, manager Mable Paul's Minstrels; Henry Belmer, of Dainite's Comb.; Elliss Simpson, and J. B. Polk.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 18, '78.

This year, St. Patrick's birthday falling on the Sabbath, it was observed as a legal holiday, banks, public offices and business places generally being closed, and all work suspended. Churches were open, and the people turned out in large numbers to join in the religious services of the day. We cannot remember when there ever was a more general observance of the anniversary celebration or a more widespread cessation from labor. The theatres, with a high regard for St. Patrick's religious proclivities, remained closed both day and night, and there was a strong disposition everywhere to do honor to old Ireland and her patron saint.....We notice that Brother Beecher has added to his already large repertory of lectures a new one on the subject of "The Age of the Common People." With all due respects to the opinions of the dear brother, we nevertheless feel it to be a duty we owe to society to protest against this high-handed outrage. What have the common people done that they should be singled out as targets for his assaults? We have nothing to do with the age of the common people, any more than we have with that of the uncommon or any other people. It is a matter that concerns each individual solely; and for any religious man to seek to pry into and disclose the age of anybody is something that deserves and shall receive our severest condemnation. "The age of the common people," forsooth!.....Even Switzerland is beginning to feel alarmed at the spread of the head system, our latest advices informing us that she is now throwing stronger guards around her mountain "passes." This passes belief, and yet it is strictly correct.....Mabel Leonard is developing into something of the white-elephant species; and, once this fact is known, guardians will be as scarce as hen's teeth, which, as an exchange informs us, are being bull'd and bear'd the same as any other stock. Francis Girard, Esq., being about to start on his annual pilgrimage with Tony Pastor and his troupe, has given her up, like he would do with any other puzzling conundrum; and so, like Nan the Good-for-nothing, she must look to her own resources. The theatre-going public may feel under obligation to us for informing them that "The Serpent and the Dove," as exhibited at Niblo's Garden, are not the same that originally appeared in the Garden of Eden, and sallied forth from Noah's menagerie in the olden time. It is our desire to keep our readers well posted on all matters of ancient and modern history.....Perhaps the most important announcement made by Lester Wallack this season is that of the early production of a "novelty" at his theatre.....If the manager of the Kellogg-Cary-Rose Opera Company is as sharp as he is credited with being, he will probably find it to his interest to keep up this alleged quarrel between the probable rival prima-donnas. Should business be depressed, the friendly war might be intensified with advantage to the exchequer. Fervid lines:

THE MANAGER AND HIS SONG-BIRDS.
Oh, what cares Kellogg for Cary's notes,
And what cares Cary for she?
And what cares Rose for either of them?
Since all of 'em's fighting for he!

.....After a somewhat extended absence from the metropolis, Margaret Mitchell comes to the front at the Standard Theatre to-night, because Margaret is one of our standard stars, always as welcome, always as exhilarating, as a schooner of fresh beer. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," we don't wonder what you are; flitting here and going hence. The Chirper tells us where you went. This really is poetry; but, owing to the uncertainty of the rhyming of the third and fourth lines, we are willing to let it go as prose, although it is by no means prosy.—ED.).....Under the name of Miss D. Mienor, we are told, a new serio-comic young lady is soon to be forthcoming. [We are now going to say something rather smart, and "don't you forget it."] If we were to knock and "don't you forget it."] If we were to knock her eye out, would we be guilty of anything more than a misdemeanor?.....There is no limit to the resources of some of our managers. "Five hundred blondes will dance for the prize to-night," was the startling announcement made by an uptown entrepreneur last Thursday. And yet we have such unbiased faith in some people that we verily believe the five hundred blondes did just what they were advertised to do. Faith is everything nowadays.....And right here we beg leave to state that *less* than a pipe o' Heidsieck will show you more than a Piper Heidsick Waltz! This is true.....No, dear; the color on the faces of the original jubilee singers will not wash off.....It is not necessary to say that the above booter has circulated, that the managers of Niblo's Garden, in addition to giving their patrons free tickets, are about to include refreshments, *a la carte*, in their list of gratuitous offerings. To use a very pretty and widely disseminated figure of speech: "They don't give bread with our Ball!".....To show what a one-horse concern the other version of "The Exiles" is, it is said that Messrs. Tompkins & Hill, when presenting the original drama at Booth's Theatre, early in April, will have the assistance of a whole flock of reindeer and dogs, which never fail to draw. Oh, that will be joyful!.....Another blighted combination is making its way eastward by slow stages. They are a-weary, and they long for rest!.....Is there a wonder that some unprejudiced dramatist does not write a vigorous war drama, founded on the recent conflict between Russia and Turkey, with real Russians and real Turkeys. A real harem in Constantinople might be introduced with striking effect, while an involuntary expedition to the frozen wilds of Siberia could be planned, the real wolves following the track of the iron-mounted sleigh. A night might be set apart for the attendance of Turks and their friends only, and on that occasion it would be advisable to end the play to the discomfiture of the cold-blooded Russians, snatching them baldheaded from their barbarian native lair, and hurling them to perdition, etc., from the rugged Russian steppes of Tartary. On the other hand, let there be a Russian night, when none but Russians and their allies shall be permitted to enter. Now, here is where the versatility and shrewdness of the playwright can be brought out in bright colors, by favoring the Russian cause, eulogizing them as defenders of the Christian faith and of slaughtered Christians; this will insure the sympathy of all good playgoing Christians and others who are not antagonistic to the cause of religion. Let the finale be the grand climax of the deadly strife, and a really gorgeous tableau may be formed by showing a hand-to-hand contest between the avengers of Christianity and its assassins, ending with lemon-colored lime-lights disclosing the Russian soldiers (as our uneducated young friends on the east side would express it) knocking the stuffing out of the well-roasted Turkeys! There is no end to the effects that may be introduced in this great war-drama. Think of it, brother dramatists.....Now, that's what we call good, high-sounding language, and the beauty of it is that every word of it is true! Gracious! what vast minds some men have.....O Emma! [Please observe that this differs from the present popular street slang, "Whoa, Emma!"] Is it indeed true that the songful Abbott is in favor of cremation? Let us bury the thought! Why should Emma desire to cremate? Why—though, stop a minute. We think we have got it. Listen:

A BIT ABOUT ABBOTT.
Once at an evening party,
Where she tarried rather late,
On the berries that they gave her
Miss Abbott some *cream ate!*

[This is not only neat, but it is true. Without doubt, Miss Abbott has eaten cream on berries, and the subtleness of the verse lies in coupling cremation with berry—bury, you know.].....Our distinguished fellow-townsman Mr. T. Pastor has been telling his congregations recently how to "Turn Off the Gas at the Metre." Nothing could be better than this when the gasman comes around with his bill. We all regret that we didn't turn it off—it would be so much easier than to turn off the man! What we set out to say, however, was that if some of our younger poets would follow Mr. Pastor's advice they would improve the metre of their verses amazingly. Let them turn off some of the gas, by which means, and don't you see, that will save them a good deal of *burning as* well as a good many *feet!* [If you don't see this, it shows that you are profoundly ignorant of—of—James, see if "prosody" treats of versification—Yes?—of prosody. You will therefore laugh in order to show how wise you are!).....The revival of "Evangeline" at the Grand Opera-house to-night suggests a theme for a few appropriate lines. We desire to explain, however, that only the cultivated reader will be able to appreciate this effort. Why? Because we purpose to "do" Evangeline in the original hexameter metre—a feat in the way of poetical feet which nobody, with the possible exception of Mr. Longfellow, would think of undertaking. In short, it has long been asserted that an English hexameter is an impossibility. Yet we can turn them off with the utmost ease, as will be seen; and nobody will fail to observe that our hexameters are extra good:

EVANGELINE.—NEW VERSION.

This is the burlesque prime evil, springing from beanloving Boston;
Somewhat the version it differs from that of the singer of Cambridge.
First is Evangeline, fair as ever a maiden was made, yet
Petulant, pretty, and dressed all up to the height of the fashion.
Showing a figure suggestive of Venus, the model of Milo,
Whom to behold it were worth well traveling many a mile, oh!
Then for her lover a lovely, a dashing and dangerous fellow—
Really a peachy young woman (Gabriel called on the playbill),
Rich in the legacy beauty always bequeaths to her children,
Proud of her leg, y'see, which you plainly do see in the burlesque.
Next for a villain, Le Blanc, who should not be reckoned a blank, though,
Having a tender spot in will, but light on the weigh—which is proper.
Also a bloodthirsty soldier, bald, and resembling the hero,
He that's connected with glory and spoons—our Benjamin Butler.
These, with the fisherman lone, who, rather than make the exertion
Which it requires to speak, finds dropping a line more convenient—
These, we repeat, with a host of fishermen, sailors and others,
Mingled with spangles and music, give us the rollicking burlesque.
Taken in all, it is sweet, and since it is wheat it is fitting
Rice should flourish because Evangeline gathers a harvest!

.....When we saw, last week, in a notice of the San Francisco Minstrels, that "Good Rhine Wine was given with effect," we could not but sigh to think that Rhine wine, whether good or bad, is usually given with effect. The most inevitable effect, perhaps, is a headache.....And yet once again we find it necessary to take down the obituary machine and grind out a few tender lines. This time the departed is a young and promising member of Cincinnati society—the Zoological Society. He had barely entered upon the career of bearhood when he was stricken down by that terrible malady—hydrophobia. Strike the keys softly while we chant

A LAMENT.

He died of hydrophobia—
That was, in truth, the matter
With our beloved brain, in
Beer-brewing Cincinnater.
And now that he hath gone before,
And climbed the golden stair,
We'll think how well our bear he bore
The pains he had to bear!

.....Genius always did have its trials. We have realized this fact from our youth up, and if anything were needed to strengthen the conviction, it is found in the announcement that a deputy-sheriff recently seized upon Camilla Urso's violin! Now what—but wait! Here is inspiration:

A PIECE OF VILE INSOLENCE.
What will that deputy-sheriff
Do with that violin?
A fiddle, you know, who draws the long bow,
And deals with crime and sin—
This man, it is more than apparent,
At the sound of the music will wince,
For his torts lies in, not the violin,
But deeds or violints!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Christine Nilsson is not being so well received at the Bamburg Stadt Theatre as she was last year. Empty seats are visible, and the German press, while complimenting her Marguerite in "Faust" in several respects, complain that it is not the ideal German Gretchen.....The Seventh-regiment Band gave its last concert of the season on the night of the 16th inst., when its leader, C. S. Grafulla, had a benefit.....The motion to continue the injunction granted by Judge Donohoe on the application of Tompkins & Hill, proprietors of the Boston Theatre, restraining James A. Duff and others from producing the play of "The Exiles" at the Broadway Theatre, was heard on March 13 in Supreme Court, Chambers. Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, for the plaintiffs, abandoned the injunction and the application to continue it, so far as the play itself was concerned, and confined his application to an order for the continuance of an injunction restraining the defendants from using the name of "The Exiles." Judge Donohoe said he did not think there was anything in the case as it now appears upon which an injunction can be sustained, but, if upon looking at the piece he came to a different conclusion, he would hear the defendants.....Mlle. Chiomi continues to be received with favor in opera at the Wolterndorf Theatre, Berlin.....Max Maretzek's suit against Maria Cameron and Dwight A. Stetson, managers, for violation of a contract was tried on March 13, in this city, before Judge Van Vorst in Supreme Court, Circuit. Maretzek and defendants entered into an agreement that he should conduct an orchestra of fifty persons from June 16, 1876, at the Offenbach Garden, Philadelphia, during the Summer, or, if required, to Nov. 1, 1876, for which he was to receive $210 a week and one-half of the net profits, besides one half the gross receipts of one benefit. After the first week, for which he was paid, the orchestra were discharged, and a smaller one substituted, but on Maretzek going there the following Monday he found a new orchestra and a new conductor. Judge Van Vorst directed a judgment in Maretzek's favor for $550 for the five weeks during which he rendered his services.....Mme. Materna, the famous Brunhilda of the Warner Festival at Bayreuth, is desirous of giving concerts in Berlin, and to that end has requested the management of the Vienna Hofoper to release her from her engagement. As far as known, the request has not been complied with.....During the present week the Old Bachelors' Club, a metropolitan organization consisting of thirty members, will dine Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane at the Hotel Brunswick. The two actors will be the only married men admitted.....Miss Kate A. Sanborn on March 13 delivered the tenth of her Wednesday-morning lectures in the parlors of Dr. Howard Crosby's Church, this city. Her subject was "Minor English Poets."....John McCullough is to open in Sparta, Ga., at the Grand Opera-house, this city, April 22.

Dodworth's Band is to alternate with Grafulla's in playing on alternate Saturdays in Central Park this Summer.....A red-hot lecture was announced for March 14 in Brooklyn, L. I: "Ingersoll in Hell—By an Eyewitness."....The Goethe Club of this city is to tender Bayard Taylor a public reception on March 20.....John Paul Jones, the celebrated Irish comic vocalist, on March 14, on "Amusements, Ancient and Modern."....Samuel Clemens ("Mark Twain") and family sail for Hamburg, Germany, on April 4.....Mme. Lydia Sydie Yavorsky, a learned Russian, a native of Moscow, the daughter of an actress, early a widow and married anew, a member of the Geographical Society of France, and correspondent of the *Figaro* and he *Tour des Monde*, has recently arrived in this city from Brazil, and is shortly to give a series of lectures here.....Julia A. Moore, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," is also to go a-lecturing.....The bucolic press agent is pursuing Kate Claxton with fire, to wit: "During Miss Claxton's recent performance in Auburn, N. Y., two glowing sparks, as large as walnuts, fell upon the stage, and made many timid souls in the audience nervous for about a minute, when they were stamped out." It would be ruinous for her ever to wear diamonds upon the stage.....J. W. Carroll has succeeded Edward Arnott as Mathew Elligible with Grover's "Boarding-house Scrapes" Combination.....Frank Wilson, an actor, was arrested in Louisville, Ky., March 11, charged with obtaining goods under false pretenses.....Among the reports as to failures and successes in opera in America during the present season, none to the effect that the Hess Troupe have cleared $35,000 from "The Chimes of Normandy" alone.....The Yorkville Ladies' Fife and Drum Corps will give a promenade performance and ball at Terrace Garden, this city, last week, in aid of the poor or sick of that nationality.....Manager T. W. Davey returned to his home in Detroit, Mich., March 12. In the absence of Manager Davey, Manager Sneed, on March 11—because, as he explains, he preferred to play at Heuck's, rather than at the Coliseum. *The Daily Star* of that city states that his arrest was on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Yeaton, manager of the house, who charged him with threatening personal violence. He was put under bonds for future appearance.....Frank Carpenter, of the Carpenter Dramatic Company, and Mabel Leonard, and Judge Donohue appointed W. F. Howe temporary guardian. Before leaving court, Mabel thanked Mr. Girard for his kindly care of her.....Henry L. Martin, called to be an actor, whose wife, now the keeper of a boarding-house in Brooklyn, N. Y., had procured a divorce from him, went to her house on March 13, and she endeavored to forbid him. She was assisted by Mrs. Emma Bibbin, a boarder. Mrs. Martin knocked Mrs. Bibbin down, which feat Judge Walsh on the following day sentenced him to the Penitentiary for two months.....Ex-Judge Hoyt has set a hard task before him. He has invited every member of the Connecticut Legislature, except himself, with a complimentary ticket of admission to his "new traveling museum, menagerie and circus."..... Mrs. Rosa Donnelly, a sister of James M. Ward, the well-known Irish comedian, died in this city March 13.

MRS. WM. COLLINS, professionally known as Maude Leigh, presented her husband with a daughter March 3.

JOHN S. CLARKE in "The Widow Hunt" and "Toodles" attracted good-sized audiences to the Fifth-avenue Theatre since our last report.

HARRY MINER presents the patrons of the American Theatre this week with the following fresh attractions: Jule Keene, Sallie Adams, the Herd Sisters, Lottie Elliott, Minnie Lee, the Snow Brothers, Fannie Boone, the Sharpley Brothers, Andy and Annie Golom and the Cooper Brothers. From last week's company Bobby Newcomb, Fannie Davenport and William Major will be retained.

AT THE LONDON the attractions this week include Devlin and Tracey, the Perry Brothers, Ella Warner, Murphy and Shannon, Leo and Hulms, Jennie Yeamans, J. W. Mack and Ada Boothill, Bertha Rowe, the Davenport Brothers, Bonnie Runnells, Ed. Chapman, J. O. Hall, Alex. and Leopold Zanfretta, George Kane and Flora Zanfretta.

THE EUROPEAN MUSEUM, 37 and 39 Bowery, is doing a good business. In the theatorum seven performances are given daily, a change being made in each. The large hall is well stocked with curiosities, and the manager states in a card elsewhere that he is at all times prepared to negotiate for fresh attractions, and will arrange for the exhibition of mechanical works for a period of six months or a year.

AT THE GAYETY, Harlem, the fresh attractions this week are the Twin Sisters French, J. F. Sheridan, Fanny Sanford, Wm. Scallan, Larose and Sweeney, William Hayle, Frank Lum, and Nellie Nelson.

THE SAME FEATURES as formerly constitute the attraction at Egyptian Hall, which is running a programme of lively specialties to good business.

JOHN E. OWENS and his combination began a week's season in the Standard Theatre March 11, and a good business was done. The programme, which presented Mr. Owens in two of his most attractive specialties, was as follows: "The Victims"—Joshua Butterby, John E. Owens; Mr. Merryweather, Hart Conway; Herbert Fitzherbert, Charles Norris; Mr. Rowley, W. E. Collings; Mr. Curdle, J. C. Padgett; Mr. Hornblower, G. C. Boniface Jr.; Mr. Muddlemist, E. B. Holmes; Carfuffle, D. R. Vanderen; Skimmer, Frank McVicker; Kaiserlicher Konigticher Ober Kappellmeister, Sedley Brown; Sig. Scappavia De Monzibelle, E. Marker; Mrs. Merryweather, Miss Alice Brooks; Mrs. Fitzherbert, Miss Meroe Charles; Miss Crespy, Mrs. Vanderen; Satchel, Miss Helen Vincent; Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. McCammeron; Mary Bustle, Miss Clara Rainford. "Solon Shingle"—Solon Shingle, John E. Owens; Robert Howard, Hart Conway; Hugh Winslow, J. C. Padget; John Elsley, G. C. Boniface Jr.; Charles Otis, Charles Norris; Mr. Tripper, E. B. Holmes; Mr. Timid, D. R. Vanderen; Judge of the Court, W. H. Collings; Clerk of the Court, Frank McVicker; Mr. Thompson, Mr. Marker; Mr. Quirk, Sedley Brown; John, J. Barnes; Mrs. Otis, Mrs. Vanderen; Grace, Miss Helen Vincent. Both pieces were carefully mounted, and, being evenly acted, proved quite entertaining. Our readers are familiar with the excellence of Mr. Owens in both these characters. Hart Conway enacted his respective roles in a quiet and gentlemanly manner. Charles Norris as Fitzherbert the poet, and Charles Otis, the wronged clerk, as conscientious and painstaking. W. H. Collingwood portrayed the characters assigned to him with becoming dignity. Frank McVicker as Sig. Nowley, a Scotchman, and Mr. Winslow, an American merchant, invested each with distinctive individuality. G. C. Boniface Jr. gave evidence of the rapid progress he is making in his profession. E. B. Holmes displayed his wonted care and attention upon his professional duties. D. R. Vanderen, Frank McVicker and Sedley Brown, who have recently entered upon an artistic career, evinced that care and attention to the details of their business that is sure to bring them a proper reward in time. Miss Alice Brooks gave a charmingly natural portrayal of Mrs. Merryweather, and displayed much taste in her attire. Mrs. Vanderen, who has a high reputation for the individualization of eccentric characters, had good scope to display her abilities as Miss Crane, of which she availed herself to the fullest extent. Miss Meroe Charles as the ingenuous Mrs. Fitzherbert was pleasingly natural and effective. The other ladies in the cast deserve a word of commendation for their efforts to please. Manager Henderson is slowly but surely making his theatre a popular resort.

"THE SERPENT AND THE DOVE," a four-act drama, by Wm. E. Barnes, was produced in Niblo's Garden March 11, with the following cast: Captain Robert Barton, S. W. Piercy; Count Eugene D'Orsey, Frank Tannehill; Baron Dufrare, E. F. Knowles; George Fairchild, J. F. Herne; Max Smidtheimer, Charles Sturges; Dr. Morgan, J. V. Melton; Rev. James Talford, D. J. Smythe; Tom Brace, J. F. Peters; Jack Smith, J. E. Ince; Martin, W. J. Lamb; Elsie Elliot, Miss Gussie De Forrest; Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. J. L. Carhart; Rose Dufrare, Miss Kate Glassford: Mary Flanagan, Lottie Murray; Gipsy Fortune-teller, Mrs. J. H. Browne. The play, which is somewhat melodramatic, and of the ultra-sensational school, and apparently pleased the patrons of this theatre. It could be improved by curtailing and condensing the dialogue. Many of the incidents are improbable, and are accomplished in an unnatural manner. The motive of the drama is the attempt of Count D'Orsey, a typical serpent, to effect the ruin of Elsie Elliot, "the dove," who has been left by her father a very early age to Captain Barton of the ship Aurora, in obedience to the wishes of her mother, who died while she and her daughter were passengers on that ship. As usual, virtue triumphs and villainy is foiled by the tempter being stricken dead at his intended victim's feet by a thunderbolt, hurled from heaven in answer to a prayer at the very instant of his seeming triumph. The various characters were well dressed, and as a whole satisfactorily acted. Mr. Piercy invested Captain Barton with marked individuality of character, and his conception of it evinced his versatility. Frank Tannehill gave a commendable interpretation of the villainous D'Orsey, the roue. E. F. Knowles as the aged nobleman Barton was entirely at ease. Charles Sturges as the Dutchman created considerable laughter, but was somewhat too boisterous in manner and action. It is seldom that Miss Gussie De Forrest has been seen to such signal advantage as in the impersonation of Elsie Elliot, the character affording her artistic abilities nicely. Mrs. J. L. Carhart, who was seen only in the first act, was impressive and natural. Miss Glassford as Rose was pleasing. Lottie Murray as the Irish girl, Mary Flanagan, was vivacious and effective, while the lesser characters received conscientious attention from the respective impersonators. The attendance was large.

TONY PASTOR gave his patrons a good show last week, presenting numerous fresh attractions. The sagacity of Prof. Parker's dogs as displayed in the performance of numerous difficult feats was surprising. They are admirably trained, and obey their instructions with implicit command. William Hayle gave a wooden-shoe dance, displaying a variety of steps, agility and correctness of time. Irene Worrell sang descriptive ballads, and at the end of each a living tableau appropriate to the subject was displayed. The Snow Brothers—Ben, Harry and Will—gave a series of difficult acrobatic feats, terminating with a somersault by one of them from the shoulders of another, the latter upon a platform about six feet high, to the shoulders of the third, who stood upon the stage. The feat was, however, only partially successful. Subsequently two of the brothers gave a remarkable exhibition of hurling conical hats a long distance through the air and catching them upon their respective heads. The Richmond Chimes Quartet gave songs and dances, with rapid change of costume, which were loudly applauded. Since they were last seen here they have made a marked improvement in their dancing. They exhibit a laudable ambition to excel and to maintain their position in the front rank of the profession. Niles and Evans were quite successful in their new songs-and-dances and imitations of English swells. Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers were cordially received, and their clever acting and imitations of the "Hotel-de-Stage-struck" proved highly enjoyable. The Girard Brothers introduced some startling acrobatic feats in their songs-and-dances, and also displayed ability in jig-dancing. The programme was filled out by the Sharpleys in their musical act; songs by Tony Pastor, among them "Johnny Morgan Played the Organ," for the first times; Bob Ranche and Leona Fontaine-bleau in their musical specialties; Harry and John Kernell in songs, dances and comicalities; Frank Bush in Hebrew songs and imitations of well-known variety performers; and the sketches of "Can I Have the Ash-barrel?" and "The Capture of Sitting Bull," which respectively opened and closed the entertainments. The auditorium was filled during the week.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE was liberally patronized last week, the newcomers being ten in number. Sellon and Burns, excellent clog-dancers, evoked frequent applause. Lottie Elliott, who is endowed with youth, beauty and a shapely figure, gave one of the best exhibitions of skipping-rope dancing ever seen in this city. In fact, she displayed such graceful ease a fling, a hornpipe and a jig, exhibiting remarkable powers of endurance. Andrew Gaffney dexterously juggled heavy globes of polished iron, displaying almost Herculean strength, and winning the approbation of the spectators. Major Burk, whose skill in handling the musket and bayonet is noted, gave our readers a few specialties with the usual success. Jennie Yeamans delighted the audience by the piquant manner in which she performed songs-and-dances. Fields and Hoey were seen together for the last times as musical mokes, as they are about to dissolve partnership. John and Lea Peasley made a hit in a double jig. The other acts were Alecia Jourdan and J. F. Sheridan in a musical sketch called "Moonlight Flirtation;" Pat Rooney's Irish songs; Johnny Shay in "Knock Me Down;" John Wild in "Take It and Don't Take It;" and Harrigan and Hart and the principal members of the company in "Squire Van's Christmas," which was withdrawn March 16.

THE LAST NIGHTS of Heller's present programme are announced, and the season is drawing to a close.

"CRAIGA DHOUL," by Hart Jackson, is shortly to be produced in Niblo's Garden.

J. S. CLARKE will continue to act De Boots and Toodles in the Fifth-avenue Theatre this week. He will shortly appear as Dr. Pangloss.

SCANLON AND CRONIN, Billy Barry, Harris and Carroll, Delehanty and Hengler, Ida Deecrt, the Freeman Sisters, Adrienne Grey, Harry Kennedy and Little Rosebud are the new people at Tony Pastor's Theatre this week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is to be the star this week at the Standard Theatre, acting in "Mignon," which will then be performed for the first times in this city. The company engaged to support her includes William Harris, Russell Bassett, P. A. Anderson, Gustavus Levick, Harry Hoto, H. Fuller, E. B. Holmes, W. Walker, W. G. Reynier, J. B. Mason, Ida Jeffreys and Marie Prescott. The drama is to be produced with new scenery and effects.

"OUR BACHELORS" will continue the attraction at the Park Theatre, where a new play entitled "Our Aldermen" is in active preparation.

EDWARD HARRIGAN'S burlesque of "A Celebrated Hard Case" is to be produced at the Theatre Comique March 18, and in the olio the following fresh arrivals are to be seen and heard: Kitty O'Neil, Quilter and Goldrich, Harry Bennett, Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman, Robert Nickle, Will H. Morton, Ida Norris, and Avery and Lerue.

RICE'S "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION is to commence a season of two weeks in the Grand Opera-house March 18.

A COLLAPSE.—The performances in Booth's Theatre came to an abrupt termination after the second act of "Hamlet" on the night of March 16. It is said the manager, Mr. Hyatt, neglected to pay the salaries of the company, who had been supporting Master N. S. Wood during the week, and that they refused to finish the performances. A statement was also made that the manager did not neglect to take the receipts of money at the box-office when he left. With the sole exception of Miss Lillie Eldridge, who took the precaution to demand and receive her salary in advance, we are told, the following ladies and gentlemen received no payment for their services: J. B. Randel, C. McManus, C. Dade, T. J. Hind, J. Keene, R. F. Hilson, J. F. De Gex, H. Weaver Jr., N. Partello, Welsh Edwards, H. Hogan, W. B. Cahill, M. Mitchell, Jennie Carroll, Hattie Gilbert, Polly Boots, Nellie Ransom, Belle and Nellie Dickson, and Bella Flohr. Master Wood acted Jo in "Tom-all-alones" March 11, 12, 13, including matinee, and Hamlet the rest of the week.

MAGGIE MOORE, J. C. Williamson and combination are to reappear in the Grand Opera-house early in April next.

MESSRS. FLEMING, and Mr. Henriques, recently his business-manager, had a heated argument in the Metropolitan Hotel on March 14, and it is said that they adjourned to the sidewalk, where blows were exchanged.

THE GREAT LONDON SHOW is to inaugurate a season in Gilmore's Garden March 25, and on the night of 31 a street-parade will be made, when numerous calcium and torch lights will be used to illuminate those portions of the city through which it will pass. Should the weather prove unfavorable, a parade will be made over the same intended route during the daytime 25. Among the chief attractions announced are James Robinson, the celebrated bareback-rider; Mlle. Elise Dockrill, who created such enthusiasm during the past season; a novelty entitled "Shooting Mephistopheles from a Cannon," during which a living person will be projected from a cannon at great velocity to a net placed at a distance of sixty feet; and the menagerie is to be largely increased. Matinees are to be given daily.

THE PARK THEATRE was liberally patronized during the past week, "Our Bachelors" continuing the attraction. The comicalities of Stuart Robson as Bangle and W. H. Crane as Jowler provoked almost continuous mirth.

CHARLEY BACKUS

CHARLES LOWE, teacher and performer on the xylophone, tympani, drums, etc., is disengaged. He advertises xylophones for sale.

BROOKLYN STRAINS.—G. W. Morgan gave a concert in Plymouth Church March 12. He was assisted by the Misses Adelaide and Mathilde Phillipps, May Moss, Maud Morgan, Jeannetta Vogt and Mr. F. W. Jameson.....The Philharmonic Society gave a public rehearsal at the Academy March 15. Theodore Thomas was conductor..... The new Music Hall will be occupied March 25 by the English Glee Club.....The Caledonian Club celebrated its anniversary with a concert at the society rooms 13.....Florence Rice-Knox is announced to sing in concert at the Academy 23..... The performers at the Plymouth Church concert 16 were Henry Eyre Browne, Arcta R. Camp and F. Bergtier.

THE NEW BROOKLYN MUSIC HALL, at the junction of Fulton street and Flatbush avenue, was formally opened March 14. The new building stands upon the site of the old Central Hall. It is built of brick, freestone and iron, is four stories high, and presents a neat and substantial appearance. The hall proper occupies the second and third floors, and is lighted by windows on both sides. There are two entrances, with broad staircases leading to the vestibule. The concert-room is furnished with a gallery supported by iron pillars. There are, altogether, 1,275 seats, made of perforated board. The floors are covered with crimson carpet, and the walls, which are as yet plain, will be elaborately frescoed during the summer. Altogether, the new hall is a pretty structure, and supplies a want long felt in Brooklyn. The attendance at the opening performance was very large. The most noteworthy event of the occasion was the production for the first time of the symphony "Hiawatha," by E. C. Phelps. The gentleman is a resident of Brooklyn, and has long been known in the musical circles of that city. His composition was received with the most marked demonstrations of approval, and Mr. Phelps was compelled to respond with a speech. "Hiawatha" is in five movements, and is to be set down as a highly creditable composition. Thomas' orchestra performed the symphony, Mr. Phelps acting as conductor. As a matter of record, the programme of the evening is appended:

"Hiawatha"—Symphony, in five movements.....E. C. Phelps
1. Adagio, Maestoso, Allegro Moderato. 2. Andantino. 3. Allegro Vivace and Presto. 4. Andante Con Molto and Allegretto. 5. Allegro Molto.
Rondo—"O mio Fernando".....Donizetti
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Piano-solo—"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Tausig
Mr. Hermann O. C. Korthener.
Two movements of the Seventh Symphony.....Beethoven
1. Introduction—Poco Sostenuto, Vivace. 2 Allegretto.
a. "Vinaga Song." { Male Chorus } .....Mendelssohn
b. "More and More." { Male Chorus } .....Seifert
St. Cecilia Vocal Society.
Piano-solo—"Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 9.....Liszt
Mr. Hermann O. C. Korthener.
"Nobil Signor".....Meyerbeer
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
"Inauguration Grand March," Op. 36.....E. C. Phelps

DICK OGLESBY'S BELLRINGERS rang their chimes in Lime Springs, Ia., March 11, Le Roy, Minn., 12, Spring Valley 13, Fountain 14, Preston 15, Lanesboro 16, and will sing in Rushford 18, Houston 19, Lacrosse, Wis., 20, Trempelean 21, Winona, Minn., 22, Rockford 23, Lewiston 24. Business is reported good.

LEW JOHNSON'S TENNESSEE JUBILEE SINGERS are billed in Newport, Ky., March 18, 19, 20, Cincinnati, O., 21, 22, 23.

THE BRIGNOLI OPERATIC COMBINATION produced "Don Pasquale" in Nashville, Tenn., March 13, and gave a concert 14.

A. J. WHITCOMB, solo-harpist, advertises that he can be engaged.

ENGLISH OPERA at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and German opera at the Academy of Music, will begin this week at the popular price of fifty cents admission, and fifty cents extra for reserved seats.

ALICE OATES' COMIC-OPERA CO. opened at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., March 11, in "Girofle-Girofla," and sang to good houses all the week. Chas. H. Drew, formerly leader of this troupe, is now in Cleveland visiting his parents.....At Case Hall Miss Thursby, assisted by Master Leopold Lichtenberg and local talent, gave a concert to light business 13.

A FLUTE, CORNET-A-PISTON and a piccolo and alto player want an engagement with a circus band. Address John J. Cross, as per card.

A LIST OF NEW SONGS by Prof. O'Reardon can be found in Harding's card in this issue.

"LITTLE TREASURE, LINGER NEAR ME," as sung by Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, is published by P. H. Kell, who advertises.

THE INDIANAPOLIS MAENNERCHOR have handsomely fitted up the portion of the City Hall building recently vacated by the city officials. Among the additions is a large and well-appointed stage. The society will take formal possession of its new quarters on March 19.

PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL NOTES.—The Young Mennerchor of Philadelphia held their annual meeting March 11, Carl Granert being unanimously elected musical director. The society comprises the leading members of Theo. Thomas' orchestra. The Orpheus Club gave a concert March 11 at Musical Fund Hall. The Hutchinson Family gave a concert at Musical Fund Hall March 14. At the Arch-street Theatre well filled houses during the week ending March 16 testified to the increasing popularity of "The Chimes of Normandy" as rendered by the Hess English-opera Company, the vocalization of Miss Emelie Melville, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, William Castle and C. H. Turner eliciting the warmest marks of approbation. Charles Jarvis will give the fifth of his classical soirees at Natatorium Hall March 23.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY are to give "The Chimes of Normandy" in Newark, N. J., March 25.

THE KELLOGG-CARY-ROZE OPERA TROUPE produced "Trovatore" 11, "Mignon" 12, and "Bohemian Girl" (in English) 13, at the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house, to crowded houses.

MISS EMMA THURSBY concertized March 14 at Toledo, O., Detroit, Mich., 15, 16.

"THE PANIC DID IT ALL," a comic song by Mack, and "Oh, Maggie Morn an Hilda! Now," by Danks, a plantation melody, are two recent issues from the house of J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They are published at the advertised price.

SPEAR & DEHNHOFF have issued several new specialty songs entitled "Sweet Lucy Darling," in the form and "Perhaps," both composed by Frank Sharpe expressly for lady serio-comic singers. They have also on their list of sentimental and attractively melodious songs "You'll Cease to Regret Me," words by Geo. Cooper, music by H. Lee; "A Mother's Love," by Chas. H. Scoble; and "We'll Bide Together Still," by Harrison Millard. Any of these can be obtained by addressing as per card.

ROE STEPHENS' professional tambourines are advertised in this issue.

FAIRY NANCE advances that she is prepared to negotiate for the disposal of her company, the Peak Family Bellringers, for the Summer season. See card.

MUSICAL EVENTS in Boston are as below:.....

The Cecilia gave a private concert in Tremont Temple March 11, at which certain of the New England Conservatory of Music was given in Wesleyan Hall afternoon 13. J. C. D. Parker, pianist; August Friess, violinist; William Ricci, viola, and Adolf Fries, violoncellist, assisted. Miss Agnes Elliott appeared....A musical entertainment was given in Union Hall 13, by Kate Parks, vocalist; Mrs. F. A. Gould, pianist; Joseph Gaudet, violoncellist, reader; and Master Guild, flute soloist.....The first of a series of odd concerts was given in the Melonian 13, under the direction of B. F. Mallard. Miss Octavia Hyde, soprano; Fanney, baritone; Henry Plympton, tenor; W. K. Payne, accompanist; Susan J. Hearing, zither soloist; Emma Hall, reader; and H. C. Reed, in humorous recitations, appeared before a large audience.....The ninth symphony concert of the Harvard Musical Association occurred at Music Hall afternoon 14. Fanny Kellogg sang and Carl Zerrahn conducted.

VARIETY HALLS.

JAQUES KRUGER, in his English Cockney character-sketch, is now appearing at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

BANKER AND MILLS perform at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Their operatic sketches have been received as pleasing features of the recent entertainments at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. They can be addressed as per card.

THE WYMANS—Alf and little Lulu—are now performing with the Peak Family Bellringers. In their sensational sketch "All the Rage," and their German, Irish and society specialties they have received the praise of the press. See card.

CHAS. S. ROGERS and Maude Vickers, in their clever imitations of stage celebrities, have been winning encomiums from the press. An extract published in their card in this issue speaks of their proficiency in imitative art. They open at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, Shelby's Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., 25. They are engaged to travel with Tony Pastor's Troupe during the Summer season.

JOHNNY HICKEY, clog-dancer, etc., can be addressed care of this office.

VARIETY ARTISTS seeking Summer engagements are referred to Harry Miner's card.

DELEHANTY & HENGLER'S COMPANY commence their annual tour April 1. Archie Mackenzie is to act as their advance-agent.

STREEPER'S NOVELTY TROUPE and brass band, which is to take the road April 15, is in need of performers to complete the company. See card.

M. T. SKIFF, business-manager of the Hyers Sisters' Combination, was recently the recipient of a testimonial from the company. The occasion is thus referred to by a Chicago exchange:

The Hyers Sisters' Combination, appreciating the efforts of their able business-manager, Mr. M. T. Skiff, have presented him with an elegant watch and chain. Following is the speeches that passed upon the occasion, during the tenor of the troupe, said:

MR. SKIFF: We have long entertained the very best of feeling for you; and at times, when we have had occasion to find fault, we have always confided to you our doubts, and that it was for the best; and now, in behalf of the Hyers Sisters, as a token of our good feeling for you, we have concluded, not on account of its value, but as a token of that friendship that should bind all hearts, but more especially ours.

MR SKIFF responded:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: This sudden and unexpected pleasure, together with the very flattering remarks of Mr King, has entirely capsized my Skiff, and I never can find words to express my feelings. My associations with you have always been of the happiest nature, and I had no idea you contemplated putting a watch on me. I accept your beautiful token of friendship, and must assure I fully appreciate and shall prize and be as proud of it as I am of you, and I sincerely thank you. May our future be as bright as the past.

Business is reported good with the company.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., Gus Lee, Mullen and McGee, Eloise Allen, vocalist; Connors and Kelley, Fernando Fleury, Ferguson and Mack, Irish songs-and-dances; and the Lenton Brothers were the new faces on March 11. Murphy and Shannon were billed, but failed to put in an appearance. Underlined for 18 are Leonzo and Ryan, George and Marie Nelson, Etta May, Fally and Walters, John M. Turner, Minnie and Lucy Fanning, and Emeline Blanche. 18, 19, 20, Lucien Rivers, French wrestler, with Leon Chrystol and McMahon, will give exhibitions.

AT ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., those closing on March 16 were the Sheridan Brothers, to Susbury, Pa.; Daisy Remington, to Danville, Ill.; and Alice Smith, to Indianapolis, Ind. To open 18: Andy Morris, Ida Mansfield, Grace Ralli, May Wood, Ed Foy, Tom Channon, Hen Mobley and Nelson. Business is good. The management advertises that there are open dates in April for any artists.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces March 11 were Miss Meta Saxon, Martin, Gerome and Nelson Wood, Miss Julia Hoit, Miss Nellie Belmont, and Prof. Neil with his educated dogs. The programme was attractive, and was witnessed by large audiences last week. The Allen Martin and Prof. Neil Smith closed ly and Maggie Fields; Rosella, Lizzie and the Parker Sisters open 18. Notices his professional friends Wood's Theatre closed March pted the position of business- nam, Cincinnati, O. See card.

BROOKLYN VARIETY MATTERS for the past week may be thus summarized: At the Olympic good business has ruled, the bill embracing Edwin and Josie Brown, Annie Hindle, the Meiss Brothers, the Allen Family, Maggie Grey, Frank Bell, Mollie Wilson, Alice Murray, King Sarbro, Fayette Welch and Archie Hughes. Extra matinee March 18, and a benefit to P. L. Jarvis 29. New people this week: Larry Tooley, Ella Mayo, the Tudors—John and Annie—Barker and Mills, Hannah Birch, the Allen Sisters, the Morosco Family, the Barlow Brothers, May and Porter, Little Florette and Dan Mason.....At the Volks' the customary full houses greeted last week's performances. The fresh arrivals included Delehanty and Hengler, the Devere Brothers, Cardello and Victorelli, Harry Blanchard and Della Shepard. Kelly and Ryan, Harry Bennett and Hugh Fay were also seen in the bill. The announcements for this week are Pat Rooney, Harry and John Kernell, Reynolds and Walling, the Girard Brothers, the Langlois Brothers and the Carlton Sisters.....The Mozart gave its patrons a generous bill, embracing the names of Fannie Sandford, Alice De Stellini, Rosa Cerito, Jennie and Albert Lawrence, Maud Gaston, Dick De Stellini and Miss Bernard. No falling-off in attendance. This week's announcements include Belle Cushing, Billy and Nellie Hasson, Crowell and Clifford, Emma Andrews, Josie Carroll, Sam Hines and Millie Johnson.

A JIG and song-and-dance wardrobe can be purchased of Wm. Fuller. See card.

A BANJO SOLO, containing the hits of the day, is offered for sale by E. Gibney, who advertises.

Two good breakneck acrobatic song-and-dance men are wanted by the Orrin Brothers. See card.

MUNROE AND WALLING, who have been enjoying a rest in Reading, Pa., with their friends the past week, open in Baltimore, Md., March 18.

MAXWELL AND CARROLL have been re-engaged for one week longer at the Opera-house, Fall River, Mass.

HARRY G. RICHMOND, who is now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., returns to Tony Pastor's, this city, April 1.

E. S. WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is booked for Lowell, Mass., March 21.

VARIETY SPECIALTIES and all kinds of extraordinary novelties are wanted by the Orrin Brothers for Cuba. See card.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., March 11, the female minstrels were continued, followed by Mlle. Tulula and Mons. Charest in a fine act on the high wire. The other new faces were Leonzo and Ryan in a sketch; Francis and Wilcot, horizontal-bar, etc.; and Katie Forrest, serio-comic. The closures 16 are Leonzo and Ryan to Cleveland; Francis and Wilcot, to St. Louis; and J. C. Murphy. Arrivals 18: E. T. Goodrich in "Just His Luck," James Collins and Martha Wren, Barker and Reels. Business moderate.....At Crone's City Garden a minstrel first-part opened the bill, and the new faces were Bob De Bar, acrobatic songs-and-dances; Ada Palmer and Gertie Seamon, serio-comic, and Chas. O. Seamon, baritone vocalist; and the Castellos—Charles and Ada—trapeze artists. "Casey the Piper" concluded the bill. Business was fair. Departures 16: Jas. Dalton, to Chicago; Belle Foetelle, to Cincinnati. Arrivals 18: Frank and Josie De Forest and Gene Hayes.....Price & Heiny's Minstrels, recently organized here, are now starring for an early appearance. Advices of March 15.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the best bill of the season was presented last week, the fresh features being Miss Georgina Smithson's serio-comic vocalism; W. O'Dale Stevens in his globe-tossing act; Mackin and Wilson in their sketch "Wash Day;" Mlle. Linda Jeal in her feats of juggling on a revolving globe; John Patterson in his Irish clown specialties; Kate and Fannie McDowell in their handsomely costumed sketch entitled "Haven't Seen You Before?" and their sketch "Lad and Lass from Ireland," and Frank Dumont's new farce "Arry of the Hoxfords," in which Jacques Kruger occasioned plenty of mirth as 'Arry, and insured its success. The company will be augmented March 18 by the following new people: Chas. H. Drew, Signorita Hindle, Miss Maggie Gray, Miss May Hamilton, and the Peaseleys—John and Lea.

THE CASE OF Linden vs. Kelly, tried March 14 in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, involved the question of a married woman to make a binding contract under seal. The plaintiff's wife—an actress—entered into a sealed contract with the defendant to perform as "leading dramatic lady" at the New National Theatre. The contract was signed by her and Kelly; the husband's name appearing as witness. She alleges that Kelly prevented her fulfilling her contract, and the suit is for damages. Her allegation is demurred to on the ground that, as this purported to be a reciprocal contract, one obligation in consideration for the other, and as one party was a married woman, and could not make a contract under seal, therefore the reciprocity was broken, and an action could not lie. The answer was that the wife's services were in law due to the husband, that he was present, assented to and approved of Kelly organizing its execution, and that she was taken to have acted as his agent in signing it, and rendering him liable upon an implied promise that she would perform her contract. The case was held under advisement.

MLLE. AZURINE, aerial, and Mons. Charest in a fine act on the high wire. The other new faces were Leonzo and Ryan in a sketch; Francis and Wilcot, horizontal-bar, etc.; and Katie Forrest, serio-comic. The closures 16 are Leonzo and Ryan to Cleveland; Francis and Wilcot, to St. Louis; and J. C. Murphy. Arrivals 18: E. T. Goodrich in "Just His Luck," James Collins and Martha Wren, Barker and Reels. Business moderate.....At Crone's City Garden a minstrel first-part opened the bill, and the new faces were Bob De Bar, acrobatic songs-and-dances; Ada Palmer and Gertie Seamon, serio-comic, and Chas. O. Seamon, baritone vocalist; and the Castellos—Charles and Ada—trapeze artists. "Casey the Piper" concluded the bill. Business was fair. Departures 16: Jas. Dalton, to Chicago; Belle Foetelle, to Cincinnati. Arrivals 18: Frank and Josie De Forest and Gene Hayes.....Price & Heiny's Minstrels, recently organized here, are now starring for an early appearance. Advices of March 15.

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A. H. BOGARDUS, his young son and Ira A. Paine in their respective feats of shooting; Emil Goroux in his barrel act and juggling; Billy and Nellie Hasson in their Ethiopian sketch "Just from Arkansas;" Charles A. Gardner in his Dutch vocalism; and the O'Brien Brothers in songs-and-dances, are the principal features at the International Comique during the week ending March 16, attracting a large attendance. Bogardus and Paine, the Hassons and the O'Brien Brothers closed March 16. Thatcher and Hume, Miss Annie Francis, Gerent and Renou, Jennie Bremond and Leon Whetsony open March 18. Business is good.

GEORGE W. BARKMAN publishes a card in another column containing recommendations of his acting in the drama of "The Skeleton Hand," and managers desiring to engage him can address Caverly & Ireson, agents.

THE HESS OPERA COMBINATION is now on its annual tour of the New England States. Manager Heywood addresses himself to applicants for engagements in his card elsewhere.

C. W. RAREY in "Escaped from Sing Sing," drew fair houses at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week. Clara Stanley, serio-comic, was the only other arrival March 11. Departure 16: C. W. Barry, to Indianapolis. No arrivals underlined as yet for 18.....Marie D'Este's Red-stocking Burlesque Troupe are in crowding Public Library Hall to four nights commencing 13, and the entertainment given was above the average of such organizations. Pettit and White sang good comic songs in the first-part, but their gags were rather ancient, and they opened the olio in their specialty of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and were twice recalled. Maud Howland was encored for her singing; Rose Howland gave a very fair jig; and Mlles. Alyeo and Eugenia gave a tame but laughable exhibition of wrestling. Mlle. Zitella's serio-comic melodies and the Howland Sisters' dancing specialties also went well received. The entertainment concluded with Mlle. D'Este's living art pictures and a drama entitled "The Surprise Party." Correspondence of March 15.

BUSINESS held good at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., last week. The attractions included Carrie Lewis, serio-comic; Bella Bent, dancer; and "On the Sly" concluded the bill, with Maud Hastings as Belle McCord. Jennie Eagan and the Clinetop Sisters were seen in solo dances. Business good. Departures 16: Dailey and Neary, to Mlle. Farrell, to Washington; and Lillie Ellis and Mons. Florentine, to Philadelphia. Coming 18: Rixford Brothers, Kate Maxwell, Ada Stanwood and Spencer and Maurice.....Lydia Ross, serio-comic, was the fresh appearance at the Grand Central, Philadelphia, Pa., last week. Lydia Sherman and Jeannette Lewis, to Philadelphia; D. A. Kelly and Andy and Annie Hughes, to New York; and Dan Collyer, no date. To open 18: Dora Dawron, Alice Gleason, Mary and Minnie Weener and Barry and Gray.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a splendid business the past week. The new attractions were Ida Burt in songs, Cummings and Harrington in a musical sketch, and Prof. J. Eggman's statue troupe in a novelty entitled "Mysteries of Marble Hall." The entertainment of the Egyptian statue troupe, for beauty and arrangement, class of subjects, etc., any of the statue representations before exhibited in this city. The departures 16 were Scanlon and Cronin, Cummings and Harrington, Harry Kennedy, to New York, and Belle Fairmount, to Baltimore. Announced for 18: Geo. W. Thompson, Minnie Farrell, Kelly and Neary, and the Searle Brothers, three in number. Advices of March 17.

FOLEY AND SHEFFER, Josephin Shanley, Foy Sisters, the Carrolls, and Jennie Engle constituted the new arrivals at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., March 11. Business good.....Harry Montague, the Duncan Sisters and Josephine Shanley open at Tivoli Garden March 18, at which place business continues satisfactory.

.....The Parker Sisters, Frank Lewis and others commence at the Academy of Music March 18.

.....Edith Lyle, Huber and Glidden and Mlle. Ida Dearin put in fresh appearances in Trimble's Varieties March 11. Attendance fair.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., the new appearances March 11 were Maxwell and Carroll in negro sketches; Arlington and Wills and Dutch performers; Ralph Kelley in motto songs; Mme. Leona in a wire-ascension; and Leopold and Gaston in a fine horizontal-bar performance. 14, Bob Allen was the recipient of a benefit, when standing-room was scarce. Allen was presented with a basket of flowers and a beautiful gold-mounted ebony cane. Manager Harvey takes a benefit 21. Departures 16: Arlington and Wills and Laverdes, to New York; Ralph Kelley, to Boston. Billed for 18: The O'Brien Brothers, Emma Brennan, Wm. Dolan and Wm. Dwyer.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, presented a capital programme last week, the fresh features thereof being "Who'll Win Him?" well played by Billy Carroll, Helene Smith and Lizzie Conway; W. Henry Rice, assisted by Alf McDowell, in the former's sketch "The Debut;" Emmerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers in their original high kicking specialties; and the concluding drama, entitled "Faithful Bob," in which Ben Cotton and little Idalene figured favorably. Business continued large. "Peep o' Day" will be produced March 18, when Chas. S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Healey, Conway and Miss Ella Saunders, De Witt Cooke and the Daytons commence engagements.

A FEW DAYS AGO a skeleton was found on the marsh near New Castle, Delaware, and by it a neck-tie, a gold pin and one shoe. This is believed to be the skeleton of the unfortunate Dan Howard, the Ethiopian comedian and banjoist, who was accidentally drowned while on a pleasure trip on a tugboat on the Delaware River, off Pennsgrove, on June 24, 1877. The Coroner of New Castle will hold an inquest March 21.

MISS ANNIE FRANCIS, vocalist, now at the International Comique, Philadelphia, it is said, was recently presented with a handsome diamond ring, valued at $500.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new faces March 11 were Goldie, Steele, and Sallie St. Clair, in their triple clog-dance; Dan Hart, in his act "That Old Bay Mule;" Miss Alta Hallett in her flying-rings act; and M. J. Slevin, who appeared as Jonathan Wild in the concluding drama, "Jack Sheppard." Miss Alta Hallett, Kate Raymond, and O. B. Collins closed March 16. Emma Henry, Master Willie, Grace Hall, Blattinberg and Creston, the Quinette Children and Miss Jennie Parker, and Jas. M. Bradford open March 18.

AT THEALL & CARTON'S COMIQUE, Williamsburg, L. I., the attractions last week were Harry Sinclair and Miss Adelaide J. Eaton, May and Porter, Holbrook and Ryan, Malone and Pettit, J. W. McAndrews, the Morosco Premily, and Ellis Mayo. All of the above closed 16. Opening 18: Kelly and Ryan, Chas. and Carrie Austin, Georgie Kaine, Frank Bell, Harry Woodson, Tim Rogers, Annie Hart, and Nic Murphy.

METROPOLITAN VARIETIES (formerly Mozart Hall), Detroit, Mich., was opened March 14 to a crowded house, the programme beginning with a parlor-minstrel scene. The new people were Uia Boydell, Burke and Snider, Ida Mayfield, Alf. Miles, Lizzie Byron, Haley and Ryan. John Coll, proprietor; William Sharp, stage-manager; Professor Riske, leader of orchestra.....Foster's Coliseum Company opened a week's season at the Grand Opera-house 11, with Palmer & Co.'s "Aladdin," the specialties being Jackits chy's Japs, Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, J. Arthur Doty, Worden and Mack, Harry Arms and Mary Thompson, Lillian Howard. Business was only fair. Those closing 16 are J. Arthur Doty, Philadelphia; Worden and Mack, Brooklyn.....Irving's Royal Jackits-chy's Japs have engaged Fostelle, Lizzie Byron, Burton and Udell, with Charles A. Boyd leader of orchestra, and will travel a short season, the route ahead being Buffalo 18, 19, 20, 21, Lockport 22, 23, Rochester 25, 26, 27, 28, Canandaigua 29, 30.....The work on the old Comique building is being pushed, and will be finished in time for the intended opening, April 15. Manager Foster has also leased the adjoining building, in which will be placed the bar and restaurant, with a door into the auditorium. Letter of March 16.

AT SHELBY'S, Buffalo, N. Y., March 11 the reinforcements were Jennie and Anna Morgan, Raymond and Murphy, Parker Sisters, Petrie and Fish, Moore and Lessenger and Fred F. Levantine. Business ruled fair. Louise Mann & Clark of the New Central Hotel, that city, who propose opening it March 30. They state that they desire to make it a first-class hall, with no bar business, and that they will make it attractive to lady audiences.

MLLE. AZURINE and Frank Monroe, gymnasts, can be engaged through their agents, Caverly & Ireson. They publish a card stating that Mlle. Azurine turned a complete somersault in mid-air at Fall River, Mass., March 14.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at the Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich., are requested to address John Coll, proprietor, giving a low figure for salary.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., March 11, were St. Leon, Cribbens and Moran, Nellie McDonald, Algebrame Urabe, and George France and Frank Foster. Closing 16: Nellie Zoe, to Grand Rapids; Algebramo Urabe, Chicago; Cribbens and Moran, unknown: Geo. France and Frank Foster, to Indianapolis. Opening 18: Nellie Bloomfield, Nannie Kent, dancer; and Inez De Lew, serio-comic, were the attractions at the Varieties, Louisville, Ky., the current week. The attractions were not of a high order of merit, and failed to draw. McEvoy's Hibernian Minstrels open 18, and will have the honor of playing the very last engagement at the house, as it is then to be torn down to make room for a six-story block. It will be occupied by *The Daily Gazette*.....Charles Foster was the principal card at the Coliseum this week, doing a good business. Departures: Charles Foster, Olympic Theatre, New York; Lillian Forrest, Chicago; and Lizzie Mulvey. The Courtland Sisters were re-engaged. Opening 25: Frank Jones and Alice Montague in "The Black Hand;" Turner and Geyer, and Baughman and Hume.

.....De King and Olympia in trapeze feats of a high order, Fanny Garretson in ballads, and Sid. C. France in 'Marked for Life' were the newcomers at Heuck's Opera-house 11. Houses have been crowded. Departures: Sid. C. France, Louisville, and Martha Wren and Jas. Collins, Indianapolis. Mulligan and Morris, and Wiley Hamilton remain over. Opening 18: E. A. Locke, in 'The Lottery of Life;' Tommy Turner, Lulu Francis and The O'Donohue .... Changes at the Eldorado—Closing: Zella Benard, Kate Leslie, and Katie Hughes, the latter for Pittsburg. Opening 18: Billy Mendel, Clara Stanley, Minnie Clayton, and James Taylor. Biz good.....George and Frankie Mankin, in juggling and contortion acts; Charles Perham, armless song-and-dance man; John Harris, musical; and Fred Cozzan's troupe of blondes opened at Shickling's 11. Biz fair. Closing: Charles Perham, Indianapolis; Jennie Reese, Decatur, Ill.; and Carrara's Dizzies, to Louisville. Opening 18: Grace Garland, Collins Brothers, Dan Peterson, Etta, Belle Estelle, Josie Johnson, Tillie Antonio, and John Donaldson.....The erection of a handsome new Summer theatre has been commenced on the hill adjoining the Lookout House on Mount Auburn. It will be probably for a combination of dramatic and vaudeville entertainments, to be under the management of B. E. J. Miles.....The upper floor of the Bellevue House will also, it is reported, be used for a Summer vaudeville. R. F. Clark and Dave O'Brien are mentioned as managers.....B. C. Hart and Sid C. France had a "War" on the week. Hart wrote a sarcastic letter to France, and France replied, intimating that as he would reach Cincinnati on Monday (last) Hart had better evacuate on Sunday. But Hart instead took out a warrant for sending a threatening letter. The case came up before a Dutch Justice' yesterday, when Mr. France explained that all the terms used were intended in a strictly Pickwickian sense. Whereupon the Squire, sitting as a European Congress, declared peace, and apportioned to France all that portion of the city north of Thirteenth and east of Vine street, the rest being ceded to Hart, with the understanding that France leave at the close of the week."

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the new arrivals March 11 were the Davenport Sisters—Dolly and Lou—and Dan Sully. No one closing. Booked for 18 are the Carle Sisters.

THE REINFORCEMENTS at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., March 10, were the Robinson Family in songs-and-dances; the Duvalli Sisters, dancers; and Clara Moore, a character change artist. Departures 16: the Siegrist Children, to New York, and Eugenie Lavelle, to Cincinnati. To open 17: Ferguson and Mack, Curry and Hall, Carrie Lavarnie, and Emily Herbert.....Nellie Roadene, vocalist, and E. T. Goodrich, actor, opened at the Globe 10. During the performances of Grizzly Adams on the 13th, a pistol in the hands of E. T. Goodrich was accidentally discharged, Dollie Leland receiving the full load in the face. Luckily, her eyes were not hurt, but her entire right cheek is filled with powder, which cannot be removed until proper treatment has reduced her swollen cheek to its natural size. Closing 16 are E. T. Goodrich, to Indianapolis; Mollie Somers, Kansas City, Mo.; Turner and Geyer, Emile Ames and Belle Pauline, to Cincinnati.....Ainsley and Heeney, Hattie Ellis and dogs, Clara Bain, Hattie Morris and C. W. Murray are the newcomers 17.

.....Alice Howard, song-and-dance, and Fontaine, contortionist, opened at the Tivoli 10.....Treasurer Harry Noxon has returned from Arkansas, and is again in his accustomed place in the box-office of the Comique. Letter of March 15.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Hartford, Ct., the arrivals March 11 were Emma Bretto, serio-comic; the Sparks Brothers, Tommy and Annie Dayton, Billy and Minnie Kayes, and the Barlow Brothers. Closed 16: Emma Bretto, the Kayes, Barlows and the Sparks Brothers, to New York; Frank Harrison and Wally Globe, Providence; and the Daytons, Philadelphia. Announced for 18: Dan Nash, Harvey Collins, C. M. Bassett, Frank Fraser, Clayton and Western, Charles L. Davis, Emma Verne, the Stuart Sisters, Lulu Church, Nellie Turner and Lou Williams.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., Dowling's Colorado Rifle-team, with the trained dogs Romeo, Zip and Danger, J. W. McAndrews, Harry O-borne and Fanny Wentworth, Gilday and Turner, and Frank Harrison are billed for this week.....At Stalker's Washington Varieties business has been good. Arrivals 18: Lou Edwards, Ella Jerome and Spray Arlington, McKee, Cummings and Hines, Ned Wambold, J. W. Bingham and Barney McNulty.

THE NEW YORK BURLESQUE TROUPE, including Wash. Adonis, Miss J. Sprague, Fanny Knight and the Antonio Sisters are traveling in Colorado.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Garland, Col., Thos. Kemp proprietor, Billy Chamberlain director of amusements, the company last week included Josie Everett, Georgia Brace, Walter Parks, Ada Burnett, Billy Chamberlain, Senorita Marie, Matt Lewis and Billy Kirby.

MLLE. DEZODA'S FEMALE MINSTRELS, with Fred B. Williams business-manager, Harry Franklin stage-manager, and Alf. De Forest general agent, had a successful season in Edenburg, Pa., March 25. The company includes Mlle. Dezoda, Rose Harland and Harry Franklin, Nellie Franklin, Sadie St. Clair, Nellie De Forest, Maggie Forrester, Annie Emmett, Harris and McNiece, and a full band and orchestra.

A GOOD BUSINESS was done at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., the past week. The new members are the Springtons, Julia Dean Bennett, Neil Ward, Nellie Young, Gracie Low, Georgie Bell, Minnie Scott, Angie Miller and Susie Leonard, who were seen in the minstrel first-part, and Higgins and Asonia, G. W. Long and the New York Vocal Quartet, all of the last-mentioned seven appearing after their first appearance. "The Sea of Ice" was presented during the week, with J. B. Brown in the leading character. Departures 16: The Springers and Leo Gordon, to New York; Neil Ward, Ireno Osborn, N. Brower and Joe Marshall, Ille, United 18: Wesley and Eldridge, John McVeigh, Kate Montrose, F. D. Harris and Fannie Florence.....At the Metropolitan the attendance averaged good. The fresh arrivals were Thatcher and Hume, Georgie Kaine and Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan. "The Long Strike" closed the bill each night. W. C. Miller and Lizzie Edwards appearing in the principal characters. Frank Ray and Louis Rabe joined the stock company. Closing 16: Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan, New York; Langlois Brothers, Brooklyn; Thatcher and Hume, Philadelphia; and Georgie Kaine, Williamsburg. Opening 18: Conway and Kerrigan, Sam and Maud Sanyeah, the Leotards, Carlotta Banks and Harry Sinclair. J. M. Bradford has left the company.

AT THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., the usual good business has been done. The new faces were Watson and Ellis, John Williams, the Amanos, Andy and Harry—Clara Sidelle in change vocalism, and W. N. Grimth. Departures 16: Emma Hoffman, to Detroit; Boyd and Sarsfield, Fort Wayne, Ind.; the Amanos, Terre Haute; Etta May, Cleveland; Clara Sidelle, no date; W. N. Griffith, Grand Rapids, Mich. Arrivals 18: Howland Sisters, Lillian Forrest, Algebrame Urabe, and George Metkiff with his drama "Bumer Bowers' Gold Discovery.".....At Duclos' Folly Theatre business has been very good. The female-minstrel first-part was continued, the Monticellos were fresh appearances, giving gymnastic feats, as were Marian Gray in dances and John Gilbert in songs-and dances. Departures 16: Collins Brothers, no date; Lew Benedict, Kansas City, April 1; Monticellos, destination unknown. Permanent engagements have been made for Mlle. Duclos' extravaganza "Little Bo-Peep," which will be produced 18, with Pauline Markham, Maude Branscombe, the Martinetti Family, Emily Reed and Chas. Theodore in the cast. Hugh Fay is announced for 25. Letter of March 16.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday morning. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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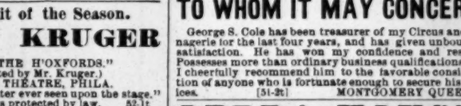

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